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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1859.

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REVIEWS.

The Life of John Milton, narrated in connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson, M.A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. Vol. I., 1608—1639. (Macmillan.)

(SECOND NOTICE.)

HAVING mapped out the contents of Mr. Masson's volume, we must now proceed to investigate their literary and historical value.

It is possible that Mr. Masson may not take it as a compliment when we say that he seems to be greater as an historian than as a critic. In the former capacity he is, as a rule, clear, calm, and sensible. He examines both sides of the question; though his impartiality, perhaps, rather consists in seeing the virtues of his opponents than in detecting the vices of his friends. He seems thoroughly to understand the character of the period he has chosen for illustration, and to have considerable insight into the disposition and the motives of the statesmen who made its history. His style in these portions of the work is easy without being undignified, and where the subject requires it, ornate, without being florid. Were it not for one or two slight deviations from good taste, in the shape of banter addressed directly to his characters, which, however suitable to some kinds of oratory, has a very unpleasant effect in works like the present, we should say the whole chapter on Church government was an admirable specimen of English. But in criticism we know not what it is that Mr. Masson lacks, which he ought to possess. Yet there is certainly something to seek. Whether it is that he has not sufficient command of that highly tempered phraseology which is necessary to the enunciation of critical formulæ; whether it is that his own conceptions do not present themselves to his mind with sufficient distinctness; whatever be the reason, he too frequently seems to be struggling with some idea which he cannot reproduce. The thoughts come to the birth, but there is not strength to bring forth. Whether however it arise from imperfection of thought, or inadequacy of language, the effect is undeniable. Nor should we have ventured to say so, had we observed it for the first time in the volume before us.

The only portion of the present volume which is strictly entitled to the name of criticism is that which relates to the poetical character of Milton. His poems are discussed rather from the biographical than the literary point of view, though this rule is not always observed. The poetic genius of our great English epicist is examined by Mr. Masson in an analysis of considerable power, and of great suggestiveness. There were two predominant elements in Milton's character, which are commonly considered incompatible with the poetic temperament: these were extreme seriousness, bordering on austerity, on the one hand, and extreme dogmatism on the other. Mr. Masson endeavours to reconcile both with his idea of what the poetic character should be; and, whatever we may think of his success, he clearly shows that he has thought deeply on

the subject. With regard to the first of these two characteristics, we should be rather inclined to say that it requires no reconciliation. We have no reason to believe that Milton was naturally austere. He grew to be so; but then, until circumstances arose to counteract the effect of it, he ceased to write poetry. The poetic side of him was for a while in abeyance. But in early life Milton's austerity was merely moral purity: a life, that is, of temperance, soberness, and chastity. To all the joy and sorrow, the sympathies and the emotions of humanity, he was perfectly alive. When he wrote the "Lycidas," his "seriousness" was not beyond the seriousness of Cowper. In his other early poems he shows himself fond of pleasure, and susceptible to the tenderer passions. In many men, says Mr. Masson, in conclusion, the serious element is tempered by the element of humour. But Milton had no humour; and for the absence of this quality Mr. Masson finds a compensation in Milton's "intellectual inquisitiveness":

"As Milton had by nature an intellect of the highest power, so even in youth he jealously asserted its rights. There was no narrowness even then in his notions of what it was lawful for him to read and study, or even to see and experience. He read, as he himself tells us, books which he considered immoral, and from which young men in general derived little that was good. He thought himself quite at liberty also to indulge in his love of art and music, and to attend theatrical performances, and laugh at what was absurd in them. Probably there was not a youth at Cambridge who would have more daringly resented any interference with his intellectual freedom from any quarter whatsoever."

Milton's dogmatic propensities were possibly a more dangerous enemy to his poetic ones. Mr. Masson promises us more on this point, yet we may be allowed to hazard an opinion that dogmatism which is merely potential—dogmatism not summoned into action and permitted to be the master passion—is not necessarily destructive to the poetic faculties. At all events, this idea would seem to be abundantly confirmed by the history of Milton's life, who ceased to write poetry when he began to write controversy, and resumed it when the settlement of the government deprived him of that occupation. He was never so engrossed by his political duties but that he could have found time to write pieces as long as those he had already published. And we must therefore conclude that it was only while the dogmatic element was in full activity that it was powerful enough to keep down the poetical, and that in proportion as the one languished, the other reasserted its sway. We certainly can recollect no instance of any other great poet who permitted twenty years to elapse during the prime of life without plying his art; and that this fact is attributable to the positive nature of Milton's political and religious opinions is very likely. They closed the door of his mind to all but a very limited class of applicants. But we must consider after all that the humanity in all Milton's poems, and especially in "Paradise Lost," is of a very limited kind. His habitation was "in height and cold, the splendour of the hills," and he seldom came down into the valley. To a mind thus self-sufficing dogmatism would be no impediment. He could afford to stand aloof from mankind when his theme was the angels of heaven: and the more clearly he seemed to see the demarcation between truth and error, the more he

hugged his own convictions to himself—with the greater ardour would he denounce the father of lies, the first disobedience, and the origin of sin and death. He seems at times to see in Satan an actual human enemy, upon whom he discharges all the vials of his wrath, as he would have done on a Prelatist or a Papist.

There are two other points in connection with Milton's poetic genius, on which we trust Mr. Masson will give us something in a future volume—we mean his town-life in boyhood, and his turn for physical philosophy. As far as we can ascertain, up to the age of twenty-two or twenty-three, Milton had seen nothing but London and Cambridge, and the country between the two. It is interesting to consider how far the "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" may have been the outpourings of a mind first awakened to the charms of external nature, and how far throughout his poetry we may find traces of one who has come late in life to a knowledge of rural beauty. A man's fondness for his latest born sensations may possibly be somewhat analogous to his love for his youngest children. And we have often fancied that in the prodigal luxuriance which marks his pictures of nature, coupled with their somewhat vague and general character, we detected the difference between the admiration of a town and of a country-bred poet. Milton's fondness for the use of proper names on such occasions may also possibly arise from his bookish reminiscences of nature instead of actual experience. The same remark indeed has been made of Virgil, but it is one that must be received with extreme caution. Before quitting this point, is it too fanciful to suggest that some of Milton's descriptions of fens and mists in "Paradise Lost" may have been derived from the impression made upon his mind by the scenery of Cambridgeshire and the surrounding district?

Milton's turn for physical and experimental science is alluded to by Johnson as well as by Professor Masson. In the present day such a disposition, if found united with poetical powers, would be cause for wonder. But perhaps in Milton's case it may have meant nothing more than a sympathy with the progressive spirit of the age, and a natural admiration of Bacon before the injurious uses to which, through a false interpretation, his philosophy has subsequently been turned, had become apparent. It was right that he should be dazzled with the glory that encircled the revival of letters, and should see in the scholastic logic nothing but those icy fetters which had so long bound the stream of human thought. But that Milton, had he lived 100 years later, would have fully entered into the remarks of Dr. Johnson on this very subject is, we think, evident from a passage in one of those college exercises which Mr. Masson has translated, without apparently having perceived its significance. After exhorting his hearers to a study of the natural sciences, he proceeds:

"But let not your mind suffer itself to be contained and circumscribed within the same limits as the world is, but let it stray also beyond the boundaries of the universe; and let it finally learn (which is yet the highest matter) to know itself, and at the same time those holy minds and intelligences with whom hereafter it is to enter into everlasting companionship."

Here is moral philosophy, "to know thyself," and metaphysics, "to know the higher intelligences," expressly placed above experi-

mental philosophy. Indeed the last clause seems to point towards belief even in the Platonic ontology, which is still further removed from physics. When Mr. Masson selected this exercise as a proof of "Milton's prepossession in favour of that real or experimental knowledge," &c., he must for the moment have overlooked this particular passage; judging from which, we have little doubt that Milton would have objected to his use of the word "real" as strongly as Plato himself. This element therefore of Milton's intellect was, we think, merely on the surface. But if Mr. Masson thinks it went deeper, he is bound to offer some explanation of its coexistence with the poetic faculty, as much or more than in the case of Milton's austerity or dogmatism.

We have now to glance at Milton's poems *seriatim*, and see what Mr. Masson has as yet done for us in each of them. To begin with the Latin poems, we think Mr. Masson has made a great mistake in translating them into English prose. There is an undefinable connection between thought and language, which renders that proper in one tongue which is trivial or bombastic in another. Between language and metre there is, if possible, a still closer one, which, like that between the Siamese twins, it is fatal to sever. Or, to use a more familiar illustration, just as there is a married life one and complete in itself distinct from the single life of either man or woman, so there is a life in verse distinct from that of either the words or the rhythm separately, to which a prose translation is death. If Mr. Masson thought that by presenting the Latin elegies in this shape he would be getting closer, as it were, to the mind displayed in them, we can only say, for the reasons here given, that we think he has made a great mistake. If he consulted the taste of such among his readers as did not understand Latin, then he might either have given a poetical translation (Cowper's being ready to his hand), or he might have considered that those who were ignorant of the Latin would care very little about the elegies at all. If he merely used them for their biographical utility, we think most of his readers would have been willing to take his word for their contents, and that he need not on that account alone have loaded his pages with matter which can shed no lustre on the poet, and tend to bring into contempt an elegant and delightful accomplishment.

Of the ode on the "Nativity" we find nothing special to relate. Of "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" we find, agreeably to Mr. Masson's design, rather description than criticism. Some of his remarks are entertaining:

"So far as the scenery in the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso' is taken from any one place, the credit may be given to Horton and its neighbourhood. In the morning scene in the 'Allegro,' nearly all the details of the landscape are such as Horton would furnish to this day; and, though other localities in southern England would furnish most of them quite as well, one or two might be claimed by Horton as not so common. The 'towers and battlements'

'Bosomed high in tufted trees'

are almost evidently Windsor Castle; and a characteristic morning sound at Horton to this day, we are told, is that of 'the hounds and horns' from Windsor Park, when the royal huntsmen are out. That Milton, however, did not adhere, and did not mean to adhere to local truth of detail,—in other words, that the poem was intended not as the description of any actual scene, but as the generalised visual illustration of a mood, and so

as something higher in kind than any mere description,—is seen from his

'Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest.'

a feature for which the scenery of Horton furnishes no original. So, in the 'Penseroso,' the sound of the distant roar of the sea is, as regards any part of Buckinghamshire, equally ideal. The Gothic cathedral, in whose cloisters the pensive man walks in the morning, is also, of course, an addition to Horton from recollections of other places. With these exceptions, the landscape of the 'Penseroso' may be that of the 'Allegro' made melancholy by moonlight."

We scarcely think, however, that "the towers and battlements" are likely to be those of Windsor Castle. The Beauty might have meant Queen Henrietta; but it is more probable that the words are but an index of those first vague yearnings of youth which keep us in a state of restless expectation, and suggest the existence of a thousand invisible beauties, in the "gardens and the halls" about us. From another piece of criticism we feel also inclined to differ:

"Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men."

the meaning of which is not necessarily that then the poet conceives himself personally taken from the country to the city, but that, still in the country, he may, after the rustics have retired to rest, farther protract his more educated day by imaginations of the city over delightful books. Over the lighter old romances or over modern masques, he would be present at splendid city-pageants of knights and ladies."

The poet certainly seems to be enumerating the various haunts of Euphrosyne at different hours of the day. Now she is on the uplands, now she is in the valley, now with the huntsman's horn, and now with the mower's scythe. But the goddess is pluripresent. When night comes on she is to be found with the rustic over his nut-brown ale and his goblin legends, no less than with the witty and the learned at the theatre or the court. This we think seems the more natural interpretation of the passage.

Mr. Masson gives us a very interesting account of the circumstances under which the "Arcades" and "Comus" were composed; though we think his abstract of the latter is unnecessarily long. But he has more than compensated for it by the following beautiful reflections:

"The castle (*i.e.*, Ludlow) is now a crumbling ruin, along the ivy-clad walls and through the dark passages of which the visitor clambors or gropes his way, disturbing the crows and the martlets in their recesses; but one can stand yet in the doorway through which the parting guests of that night descended into the inner court; and one can see where the stage was, on which the sister was lost by her brothers, and Comus revelled with his crew, and the lady was fixed as marble by enchantment, and Sabrina arose with her water-nymphs, and the swains danced in welcome of the earl, and the Spirit gloriously ascended to his native heaven. More mystic it is to leave the ruins, and, descending one of the winding streets that lead from the castle into the valley of the Teme, to look upwards to castle and town seen as one picture, and, marking more expressly the three long pointed windows that gracefully slit the chief face of the wall towards the north, to realize that it was from that ruin and from those windows in the ruin that the verse of 'Comus' was first shook into the air of England."

Next in order comes the "Lycidas," with which poem all the softer, more amiable, and probably the happier portion of Milton's life may be said to have appropriately terminated. "Lycidas" was written in the autumn of

1637, and in the following April Milton set out for Paris—not to return home until such time as the disorders in England had reached a pitch when it became incumbent on every bold and honest man to choose a side, and make some sacrifices for the truth. Milton's foreign tour lasted fifteen months; from Paris he travelled through the South of France to Nice; from Nice to Florence, visiting *en route* Genoa, Leghorn, and Pisa. At Florence he staid two months, where he formed some valuable friendships among the Italian literati, and visited Galileo in his villa near that city. From Florence he went on to Rome, and from Rome to Naples, where he made the acquaintance of "Manso," a name well known to the readers of Milton's Latin poems. He was now about to visit Sicily and Greece, when the English news that reached him induced him to turn his steps homewards. Still he travelled leisurely; returning by way of Rome and Florence, from thence to Venice, then making northwards for Geneva, and so through France again to England, to find the misrule which he had already denounced now bearing full fruit. At this point, therefore, we shall introduce our readers to Mr. Masson's description of the men and the system which had brought things to this pass.

Mr. Masson sees clearly enough that Laud was not, properly speaking, "a Romanizer." That he was anxious to heal the western schism is a statement that can hardly be questioned. But instead of taking us to Rome, he desired to bring Rome to us. Rome had stretched her pretensions beyond the warrant of Catholic antiquity. Let her retrace her steps, acknowledge the Anglican hierarchy, call a general council, and in fact do all which the Popes were steadily resolved not to do; and Laud would do all that in him lay to restore the unity of Christendom. It is obvious that a position of this kind was far more immediately fatal to the designs of Rome in this country than the theory of the anti-Arminianists. When Rome spoke of her sacraments, and the authority of the Church, the latter could only reply that these were non-essentials. But the other answered at once: *We are the Church, we are the proper administrators of the sacraments.* If you believe in them at all, come to us; if you don't, cast in your lot with some religious sect. Romanism and any other system except that known at different times as Laudism, Anglicanism, or Puseyism, can go on alongside of each other. They may quarrel and wrangle to the end of time. But High Church and Romanism are fighting for the same standing ground. There is no room for both. If the Anglican theory is true the Romish Church in England is an interloper, quite a different thing from a Dissenter. If the Romish theory is true, the Anglican Church is a bastard, quite a different thing from a heretic. They are therefore, and ever have been, like two men fighting across a table with one pistol loaded. Nobody knows which it is, but only that one of the combatants must be a dead man. This is a truth which Rome with her customary sagacity detected at once, but which Englishmen even at this hour do not sufficiently understand. Hence the Jesuits thwarted Laud and Charles by all the intrigues in their power, and sent their emissaries through the country for the purpose of spreading a belief that both were Papists at heart. This they felt would effectually check the development of the Laudian theory, a consumma-

tion which they knew to be fatal to their own pretensions. Of this great truth Mr. Masson seems sufficiently aware, and in the whole volume we have read nothing with greater pleasure than the twenty pages which relate to it. We do not say that he states it in so many terms, but several expressions in the passage are inconsistent with any other hypothesis. Of Laud personally he says much that is favourable, without in the least permitting his sympathies to blind him to his numerous defects. He speaks of him as one who was "beheaded for a cause to which he had conscientiously devoted his life, and which thousands of his countrymen, two centuries after his death, still adhere to, still expound, still uphold, albeit with the difference incalculable to themselves of all that time has flung between them." But he adds—"Of anything like depth or comprehensiveness of intellect there is no evidence; much less of what is understood by genius . . . that very ecclesiastical cause which Laud so conspicuously defended has had since his time, and has at this day in England, far abler heads among its adherents." Mr. Masson's idea of Laudism will perhaps be best understood from the following extracts:

"This phrase, 'beauty of holiness,' was a favourite one with Laud."

"What it meant in its application is generally known. It meant that, as in all ages it had been deemed advantageous for the maintaining of religion among men to represent it as far as possible in tangible object and institution, in daily custom, and in periodical fast and festival, so there should be an effort to increase and perfect at that time in England the sensuous and ceremonious aids to worship. It meant that there should be greater uniformity in times and seasons, in fish during Lent, and in the observance of saints' days. It meant that there should be a survey of the decayed cathedrals and churches throughout the land, with a view to their repair and comely maintenance. It meant that, more than hitherto, these edifices and all appertaining to them should be treated as holy objects, not to be seen or touched without obeisance, and worthy of all the seemliness that religious art could bestow upon them. Thus in the beauty of holiness there were included not only the walls and external fabrics of the sacred edifices, but also their internal decorations and furniture—the paintings, the carved images, the great organ, the crucifixes, the candlesticks; the crimson and blue and yellow of the stained glass windows; consecrated vessels for the holy communion, with consecrated knives and napkins; and, even in the humblest parish churches, the sweetest cleanliness at least, the well-kept desks of oak, the stone baptismal font, the few conspicuous squares of white and black marble, and, above all, the decent rail separating the communion-table from the rest of the interior. Moreover, and very specially, the priests, as being men holy in their office by derivation from the Apostles, were to see to the expression of this in their vestments, and chiefly in the pure white surplices enjoined to be worn on the more solemn occasions of sacred service. Then there was symbolical holiness also in the appointed gestures both of the ministers and the people—the standing up at the Creed, the kneeling at the Communion, the bowing at the name of Jesus. All this and much more was included in that 'beauty of holiness' which Laud desired to uphold and restore in England."

"Within his own life, and partly from his personal influence, there had grown up a body of men agreeing with him in these views, and prepared to go along with him in carrying them out. To Laud, as their leader, every manifestation of the increase of this party in the Church, or of a tendency anywhere to the adoption of new sensuous aids to piety without passing over to the

communion of Rome in order to find them, was a fact of interest."

Then, after pointing out the irksomeness of the new system, he continues:

"There is no difficulty now in seeing why Milton changed his resolution of entering the Church of England. To the Church as it was governed by Laud, and as it seemed likely to be governed by Laud or others, for many years to come, it was impossible for him honestly to belong! And yet there were other fine and pure spirits of that day who were positively attracted into the Church by that which repelled him from its doors."

"It was in April 1630, for example, and mainly through the direct influence of Laud, that George Herbert became an English parish priest."

"When thus led into the Church, by the hand of Laud himself, and in the proper canonical garb, Herbert (April 26, 1630) was thirty-six years of age. He lived but three years longer, the model of a country parson, and the idol of his parishioners; nor, during these three years, was there a parish in all England in which, by the exertions of one man whose pious genius had received from nature the due peculiarity, there was a nearer approach than in Bemerton to Laud's ideal of the 'beauty of holiness.' The parish church, the chapel, the parsonage-house, were all beautified; the church services and ceremonies were punctually fulfilled in every particular; and the people were so taught on Sundays the sacred significance of all the forms and gestures prescribed, that they loved them for their own sake as well as for their pastor's. Over the miry roads in rain and mist on week-days walked the delicate aristocratic man, 'contemning his birth,' as he said, 'or any title or dignity that could be conferred upon him, compared with his title of priest;' and twice every day he and his family, with such gentlemen of the neighbourhood as could come, assembled in the chapel for prayers—on which occasions, as the chapel-bell was heard over the lands around, the ploughmen would stop reverently in mid-furrow, that the sound might satiate them and do good to their hearts. Here also it was that those sacred strains of 'The Temple' were written, which, though some of them were but poetic interpretations of Laud's prose, have come down as the carols of the Church of England in its essence, and are dear beyond that Church to the lovers of sacred wit and quaint metrical speech. Yes, at the very time when Milton was renouncing the Church as his profession, his senior, Herbert, with death's gate shining nearer and nearer before him, was finding his delight in her services and praises. Nor is Herbert the only instance of a man of fine character actually led into a closer connection with the ecclesiastical system of England than might otherwise have been, by Laud's personal influence or the influence of his system. Omitting several instances of younger men either won from secular life to the Anglican Church by Laud, or saved to the Anglican Church by his timely demonstrations of its capabilities when they were passing over to Rome, we may note the famous case of Nicolas Ferrar and his family."

The whole of this chapter is, we trust, quite sufficient to place the Laudian theory on its proper footing; to show at once its beauty, and the narrowness of the ground which it covers. It may be that this is the ground into which all Christians are bound to crowd themselves. Its narrowness is no proof of its abstract falsehood, unless we give up premises which all classes of Christians agree to accept in common. But sure we are that it is a proof of its impracticability. Men talk of the cogency of logic, but in point of fact nothing is less cogent. You induce a disputant to grant a certain proposition, from which you lead him step by step to a conclusion which is as inevitably necessary as that if an apple is contained within a dumpling all that is inside the apple must

be inside the dumpling. But will he admit it? He scorns the humiliation, and starts aside like a frightened colt, under the idea that you are entrapping him. Still there is a class of minds on which logic is absolutely binding, and these, if in the Church at all, are pretty sure to become High Churchmen. Over another, and a larger class, the æsthetic side of the Anglican theory exercises a magic influence; and in the case of a third, and still larger one, the economic view adopted by Hooker brings a strong secular reinforcement to the theological champions of episcopacy. Supported by this triple band, the movement inaugurated by Laud, though stopping short of the conclusion in which he doubtless hoped it might one day be landed, has steadily maintained its ground for two centuries, and it is curious to consider that almost all the practices which he introduced, and which led to a revolution in the seventeenth century, have nevertheless continued to be the custom of the Church ever since, and up to the present day are in steady operation amongst us. The English churchman to whatever school his parish clergyman may belong, still hears the Liturgy read to him by a surpliced priest, still bows at the name of Jesus, still kneels at the receipt of the Holy Communion, and still looks eastward as he takes it. Had Laud merely sustained his own system during his own lifetime, he would have been entitled to all that Mr. Masson says of him. But the man who could thus impress his own ideas upon the religion of a race like the English, must have had more intellectual capacity than even Mr. Masson will allow.

As Laud was the representative of Charles's ecclesiastical regimen, so was Wentworth of his political regimen. And of this regimen, which Mr. Masson tells us is best described by the term "thorough," he has given us a very fair and interesting picture. Laud was its chief agent in England, the Marquis of Hamilton in Scotland, and Wentworth in Ireland. But the latter was the sun of the system, and it was the consciousness of this, the knowledge that, while Wentworth lived, it would never be honestly abandoned, which, far more than any specific acts, stimulated the republicans to seek his death. As for the system itself, it simply aimed at keeping England where she had been since the accession of the House of Tudor, i.e., under a constitutional absolutism, or what is known in modern times as a paternal government. "Although," says Mr. Masson, in allusion to shipmoney, and other measures of that kind:

"So much of the action of government had for its sole end the bringing in of revenue, there were hundreds of contemporary acts which had their origin in no such motive, but simply in the desire, natural to all governments in those days, to fix each man passively in his proper place, and to maintain in each the sense that he was under the paternal charge of persons who could judge better than himself what he should eat, drink, and avoid."

Mr. Masson, however, should have seen that the means of raising an independent revenue was a corollary of the theory in question, and that in fact the whole system hangs together, and is representative of that stage of English political progress when the Barons having been crushed beyond the possibility of revival, and the middle classes not yet having risen into importance, the Crown was the one great power in the State. The misfortune of Charles was that he lived when this régime was just beginning to get

worn out, and that he did not know it. The Tudor period was in politics a stationary period, the Stuart period one of transition. But the Stuarts could not read the signs of the times, and mistook for disaffection what in fact was only expansion. Hence the life-long blunder of their dynasty. All their errors sprung from this one source. Nor was the Book of Sports (p. 628) at all more at variance with "preceding English practice," and the spirit which had till recently been the spirit of the age, than the proclamation forbidding the extension of London, or the absenteeism of country gentlemen, which Mr. Masson admits to have been excusable.

Such, then, was the England which greeted Milton on his return from the continent in the month of July, 1639. There was little doubt which side he would choose. He was a classicist to the backbone, and held all the old Greek and Roman ideas about kings. He had no romance in his nature. He could evidently appreciate the poetic elements which the romantic theory contained, but he made very little use of it even for poetic purposes; while in its application to real life, he spurned it altogether. All the chivalry and gallantry of the Cavalier cause were lost upon him. All the more practical and conservative arguments in its favour were dashed on one side by his speculative and audacious intellect. He wanted more intellectual room—

"As far as might be to carve out
Free space for every human doubt."

He wanted to move freely, to stretch his great thoughts where he would, and not to be rocked into repose by Laud's church music, or dosed into silence by Wentworth's cordials. This, we mean to say, was the sort of feeling that inspired Milton. We do not say it was just, but simply that, he being the man he was, it was natural. Of course he could not be expected to feel the force of the *quam temere in nosmet retort*. The fact that he too might be intolerant was the last thing that ever occurred to him; and so with all his heart and soul he devoted himself to the party which he fully believed to be absolutely in the right; but which, like all other human enthusiasts, was ultimately proved to be only half so; and shook hands with its opponent at the Revolution, over a compromise which is still our boast.

We may add, in conclusion, that Mr. Masson's "Survey of British Literature" is exceedingly well done, and may be read with interest as a separate essay. It only includes those writers who were actually living in 1632, and commences with Ben Jonson. Mr. Masson's classification of the non-dramatic poets into the Spenserian, the satirists, the philosophical and theatrical poets, the wits of the Carew and Suckling school, and the Latin versifiers, is careful and useful; though in the second division, which may be conveniently compared with Johnson's remarks on the metaphysical poets in his "Life of Cowley," he seems to have brought some incongruous names under one head. The last division is somewhat meagre; and we rather wonder that Mr. Masson has made no allusion to the Latin poetry of Fletcher, Cowley, or Crashaw. A poem by the former, styled the "Locust," contains some of the best Latin hexameters ever written by an Englishman, and is reckoned by writers, who are partial to such theories, to have been the original of certain beauties in "Paradise Lost." Cowley's Latin verses were preferred by no mean judge to Milton's own; and Crashaw's are quite graceful and classical

enough to have merited a passing observation. Passages of particular merit in this chapter are the account of Selden; of "Falkland's set," consisting among others of Sidney Godolphin, Edmund Waller, Clarendon, Sir Kenelm Digby, Selden, and Chillingworth, who used to meet much at Falkland's seat in Oxfordshire; and some remarks on Pastoral Poetry, which are specially worthy of attention.

We have now, we hope, conveyed to our readers a tolerably complete impression of this able and delightful volume. We have commented the more freely on what we conceive to be its blemishes, the more we have felt convinced of its enduring and genuine excellence. According to Mr. Masson's title-page he has undertaken a gigantic task. But up to the point he has at present reached there are no signs of finching or fatigue. The whole reading public are bound to afford him their warmest encouragement, and to forget all minor differences of opinion in contemplating labours destined, we trust, to increase the European reputation of our literature.

The Life and Remains of Douglas Jerrold.
By his Son, Blanchard Jerrold. (W. Kent.)

(SECOND NOTICE.)

WE have reached the period in Douglas Jerrold's life at which he became a dramatist, and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has wisely treated this part of his narrative at considerable length, analysing the various theatrical products of his father's intellect, and introducing numerous excellent anecdotes that connect themselves with Jerrold's rising fortunes. We are tempted to extract a tribute paid to Douglas Jerrold by a gentleman whose reversed initials, D. G., were long held in great estimation in the theatrical world, and whose name is still honoured in literature:

"Of all rogues the dramatic depredator is the least scrupulous and ashamed. See where he steals! steals in his different capacities of *translator, adaptor, and poacher*. A merchant who trades beyond his capital must, of necessity, borrow from *somebody*; and an author whose dramatic lumber exceeds the natural product of his brains must draw pretty freely upon those of others. To hold up for public sport the mere *kite-fliers* of the theatrical world would produce more entertainments than all their pieces put together. Men of straw, who never raised a laugh but on borrowed jokes, would then be good for hundreds of broad grins. Had the 'Dunciad' never been written, how dull had been the scribbles of that day! *Tom Osborne* would have been tolerated *only* from having received the singular honour of a blow from the literary Hercules, Dr. Johnson; and the catiff *Curl*, 'so famed for turbulence and horns,' from the classical distinction of having been tossed in a blanket by the Westminster scholars. . . . Mr. Jerrold does not borrow from the French; neither does he poach in the unfrequented fields of the drama, and realise the fable of the ass in the lion's skin. A hint from an old ballad or book is sufficient; he is content with an apple, without stripping the whole tree."

Mr. Wakley established a paper called the *Ballot*, and Jerrold became the sub-editor and dramatic critic. The *Ballot* merged into the *Examiner*, and for a short time he sub-edited for Mr. Fonblanque. But he was making himself a name that would shortly enable him to emancipate himself from drudgery. Meantime, however, there were some dark days in store for him. His son tells us why they were darkened:

"In those days, had he, so courageous in his

own fight with the world, possessed the bravery to steel his heart once or twice, and hiss a decided NO, he had been a happier man during many years of his life. But it is his faith to believe to the last in friends. Once or twice he says 'yes'—writes all that that 'yes' implies: his friends have his bond—and he some years of hard struggling before him. The youth that was passed in cutting through misfortune by the strength of his own unaided genius, has given way to a manhood fettered for some years by the treachery or the misfortune of friends. Still, in the depths of his trouble, he has a pleasant, cheering word for any man who may pass his ever open door. Still, let a dear friend ask his aid to-morrow, and his hand shall be open, and welcome. It is his religion, and he cannot wander from it. He may say a savage, a galling, thing to that friend to-day; but he will be closer than anybody else at his elbow to-morrow, should the friend need assistance. The difficulties cast upon him by his good nature, by his chivalrous sense of friendship, however, bear down heavily upon him in his little house in Thistle Grove, Chelsea. It is deep winter. The wind shrieks down the grove, and the snow lies thick, muffling every foot upon the doorstep. It is not an inviting night to go forth—rather one to gather about the fire, and talk of the coming spring. But forth must go the brave man, with his wife and daughter, for a time, to Paris. And as he leaves his home, he has a warm shake of the hand—ay, for the friend whose delinquency sends him forth. The present writer has a vivid recollection of that night, as of the dreary days of loneliness in the house that followed it."

All this should be known, and we hardly know, also, why there need be any reserve in indicating whence these blows descended. If it were that in the later years of Jerrold's life any of those whose "treachery or misfortune" had made him for some time an exile, showed extraordinary zeal to atone to him for what had been done, if they made restitution, or, failing that, at least showed the depth of their regrets by the delicacy and consideration of their attentions, well and good—let no names be named. We can only say that Douglas Jerrold, ever ready to recognise a good trait in any one, never alluded to any such attempt at reparation, but on the contrary sometimes hinted at very cold ingratitude as having been manifested by many whom he had helped with his money, his influence, and his intellect. Pass we on however to pleasanter themes.

In July, 1841, *Punch* was started, and Jerrold, then at Boulogne, was asked to join in the enterprise. Mr. B. Jerrold, by the way, designates Mr. Henry Mayhew as the projector of *Punch*—it was, however, a French invention, adapted, and its second name, the *London Charivari*, showed its origin. The collaboration of most of the writers who began the periodical, destined to attain such a success, speedily ceased, from various causes; but Mr. Mark Lemon, who wrote the first article in the publication, and under the title of "The Moral of Punch," announced its ends and aims, remained editor. Long may he remain so. Douglas Jerrold's contribution did not arrive in time for the first number, but he appears in the second, in a dialogue between *Punch* and *Peel*. We have already said that sixteen years later his last contributions appeared, and during those years his hand was seldom missed from *Punch*. There has been question why some of his vigorous political papers have not been republished from that periodical. We may state the answer to be, that when Douglas Jerrold was collecting and revising his works, the same suggestion was made, and his own decision was, that articles on topics of days long gone by would

need explanation, and in some cases modification, and that he preferred that, having accomplished their purpose, they should not be reproduced. Such a decision must, of course, be respected.

We have less intention of following out a narrative which all who are interested in literature will read, than of presenting a few extracts for the purpose of showing how well the biographer has done his part. Let us present the following lovingly finished picture of Jerrold at home:

"It is a bright morning, about eight o'clock, at West Lodge, Putney Lower Common. The windows at the side of the old house, buried in trees, afford glimpses of a broad common, tufted with purple heather and yellow gorse. Gipsies are encamped where the blue smoke curls amid the elms. A window-sash is shot sharply up. A clear, small voice is heard singing within. And now a long roulade, whistled softly, floats out. A little, spare figure, with a stoop, habited in a short sparring jacket, the throat quite open, without collar or kerchief, and crowned with a straw hat, pushes through the gate of the cottage, and goes, with short, quick steps, assisted by a stout stick, over the common. A little black and tan terrier follows, and rolls over the grass at intervals, as a response to a cheery word from its master. The gipsy encampment is reached. The gipsies know their friend, and a chat and a laugh ensue. Then a deep gulp of the sweet morning air, a dozen branches pulled to the nose here and there in the garden, the children kissed, and breakfast, and the morning papers.

"The breakfast is a jug of cold new milk; some toast, bacon, water-cresses. Perhaps a few strawberries have been found in the garden. A long examination of the papers—here and there a bit of news energetically read aloud, then cut, and put between clippers. Then silently, suddenly, into the study.

"This study is a very snug room. All about it are books. Crowning the shelves are Milton and Shakspeare. A bit of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree lies upon the mantel-piece. Above the sofa are 'The Rent Day' and 'Distraint for Rent,' Wilkie's two pictures, in the corner of which is Wilkie's kind inscription to the author of the drama called *The Rent Day*. Under the two prints laughs Sir Joshua's sly *Puck*, perched upon a pulpy mushroom. Turner's 'Heidelberg' is here too, and the engraver thereof will drop in presently—he lives close at hand—to see his friend Douglas Jerrold. Ariadne and Dorothea decorate the chimney-piece. The furniture is simple, solid oak. The desk has not a speck upon it. The marble shelf, upon which the ink-stand rests, has no litter in it. Various notes lie in a row, between clips, on the table. The paper basket stands near the arm-chair, prepared for unanswered letters and rejected contributions. The little dog follows his master into his study, and lies at his feet.

"Work begins. If it be a comedy, the author will now and then walk rapidly up and down the room, talking wildly to himself; if it be *Punch* copy, you shall hear him laugh presently as he hits upon a droll bit. Suddenly the pen will be put down, and through a little conservatory, without seeing anybody, the author will pass out into the garden, where he will talk to the gardener, or watch, chuckling the while, the careful steps of the little terrier amid the gooseberry bushes; or pluck a hawthorn leaf, and go nibbling it, and thinking, down the side walks.

"In again, and vehemently to work. The thought has come; and, in letters smaller than the type in which they shall presently be set, it is unrolled along the little blue slips of paper. A simple crust of bread and a glass of wine are brought in by a dear female hand; but no word is spoken, and the hand and dear heart disappear. The work goes rapidly forward, and halts at last suddenly. The pen is dashed aside; a few letters, seldom more than three lines in each, are written, and despatched to the post; and then again into the garden. The fowls and pigeons are noticed;

a visit is paid to the horse and cow; then another long turn round the lawn; at last a seat, with a quaint old volume, in the tent, under the umbrageous mulberry-tree.

"Friends drop in, and join Jerrold in his tent. Who will stop to dinner? Only cottage fare; but there is a hearty welcome. Conversation about the book in hand. Perhaps it is old Rabelais, or Jeremy Taylor; not improbably Jean Paul's 'Flower, Fruit, and Thorn Pieces,' or his 'Levana;' or, again, one of old Sir Thomas Browne's volumes. In any there is ample matter for animated gossip. At a hint the host is up, and on his way to discover to his visitor the beauties and conveniences of his cottage. The mulberry-tree especially always comes in for a glowing account of its rich fruitfulness; and the asparagus bed owes a heavy debt of gratitude to its master. The guest may be a phlegmatic person, and may wearily follow his excited host, as he wanders enthusiastically from one advantageous point to another; but the host is in downright earnest about his fruit trees, as he is about everything else. He laughingly insists that his cabbages cost him at least a shilling apiece; and that cent. per cent. is the loss on his fowls' eggs. Still he relishes the cabbages and the eggs, and the first spring dish of asparagus from his own garden marks a red-letter day to him. Perhaps he will be carried away by his enthusiasm as the sun goes down, and he will be seen still in his straw hat, watering the geraniums, or clearing the flies from the roses. Dinner, if there be no visitors, will be at four. In the summer, a cold quarter of lamb and salad, and a raspberry tart, with a little French wine in the tent, and a cigar. Then a short nap—forty winks—upon the great sofa in the study; and another long stroll over the lawn, while the young members play bowls, and the tea is prepared in the tent. Over the tea-table, jokes of all kinds, as at dinner. No friend who may happen to drop in now, will make any difference in the circle. Perhaps the fun may be extended to a game of some kind, on the lawn. Basting the bear was, one evening, the rule, on which occasion grave editors and contributors 'basted' one another with knotted pocket-handkerchiefs, to their hearts' content. The crowning effort of this memorable evening was a general attempt to go heels over head upon haycocks in the orchard—a feat which vanquished the skill of the laughing host, and left a very stout and very responsible editor, I remember, upon his head, without power to retrieve his natural position."

A great many of Jerrold's best things, reported by no means in the best manner, used to find their way into print, no doubt with private advantage to those who retailed them. He used to bear this sort of thing very meekly, except when the thief had utterly and entirely vulgarised or contorted the original meaning, when Jerrold would indulge in a commination of mock intensity, finally letting off the culprit spoken of with a calm, almost expostulatory, "But he has a right to live, I suppose." We have not, however, seen this in print until now:

"Returning to London, he was recognised in the railway carriage by a gentleman who wished—seeing the enthusiasm with which my father pointed to the beauties of the landscape—to ingratiate himself by the assumption of an equal enthusiasm. But the counterfeit was plain and revolting. 'I take a book,' said the stranger, 'retire into some unfrequented field, lie down, gaze on God's heaven, then study. If there are animals in the field so much the better; the cow approaches, and looks down at me, and I look up at her.'

"'With a filial smile?' asked the stranger's annoyed listener."

Here is a club bit, about a club nuisance:

"A friend drops in, and walks across the smoking-room to Douglas Jerrold's chair. The friend wants to enlist Mr. Jerrold's sympathies in behalf of a mutual acquaintance who is in want of a round sum of money. But this mutual friend

has already sent his hat about among his literary brethren on more than one occasion. Mr. —'s hat was becoming an institution, and friends were grieved at the indelicacy of the proceeding. On the occasion to which I now refer, the bearer of the hat was received by my father with evident dissatisfaction. 'Well,' said Douglas Jerrold, 'how much does — want this time?' 'Why, just a four and two noughts will, I think, put him straight,' the bearer of the hat replied. Jerrold. 'Well, put me down for one of the noughts.'

We are not quite sure that it is fair to the biographer to pick out of his pages many more good things, but those pages are quite rich enough to allow one to rob and yet to leave a very choice assortment behind:

"Douglas Jerrold is seriously disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends, and has expressed his disappointment.

"Friend. 'I hear you said — was the worst book I ever wrote.'

"Jerrold. 'No, I didn't. I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.'

"A supper of sheep's heads is proposed, and presently served. One gentleman present is particularly enthusiastic on the excellence of the dish, and as he throws down his knife and fork, exclaims, 'Well, sheep's heads for ever, say I!'

"Jerrold. 'There's egotism!'

"In rapid retort of this description I believe my father was held, even by his enemies, to be without a rival."

And with these extracts we dismiss the book, passing over the deeply interesting narrative of the latest days of Douglas Jerrold. The author has told this sorrowful story (sorrowful, be it said, only because it is the story of a life cut short just as a great and good man had attained all that he had so nobly struggled for, "honour, love, obedience, troops of friends,") in a filial and touching spirit, and no one who knew the man whose last hours are thus commemorated will read the narrative unaffected. Jerrold died calmly amid those who loved him, and in forgiveness of all who had injured him. Of the hold which he had laid upon the affections of his friends, their instant and zealous exertions to add to the provision he had made for his family that which he would have added, but for the visitation of Providence that removed him while in the vigour of his intellect, may in some degree speak; as may the fact, that his valued and constant friends, Messrs. Bradbury & Evans, the proprietors of *Punch*, cancelled so large a portion of their claim upon his estate, in tribute to the memory of their friend. It is, however, impossible to describe how dear he became to those who were in constant intercourse with him, and how legitimate was their indignation when ignorance or malice described him as demagogue, fanatic, or cynic. He combined the spirit and intellect of a man with the warm heart of a woman, and the fascination which he exercised over those who truly knew him may have been due to this complexity of character—but, there it was, and men the least akin to him in nature owned its influence as fully as others who felt and thought with him. Jerrold's son has raised to him a fitting memorial, an honour both to the living and the dead.

Treatise on the Administration and Organisation of the British Army, with special Reference to Finance and Supply. By Edward Barrington de Fonblanque, Assistant Commissary-General. (Longman.)

MR. FONBLANQUE'S work undoubtedly fills up a vacuum in our military literature. A book

of reference to which people could turn with confidence for the satisfaction of those numberless inquiries which spring up on such subjects, and which they perhaps have not time to answer by applying to official persons, was very much wanted. It will save a great deal of time and trouble; and prove exceedingly useful to all members of Parliament, military and civil servants of the Crown, and, though last not least, to all writers for the press.

The absence of such a work is highly characteristic of England. We have always looked upon military organisation with extreme jealousy. The king was to have his two or three regiments of guards; a few battalions must be maintained at particular important posts; but the main strength of our fighting army was to be raised as occasion might require. The fact then that the ministry of the day, seeing how circumstances were changing, and that England was being brought more and more within the circle of European politics, were occupied in an incessant struggle to keep up the mere numerical respectability of our armed force, accounts for their having been able to do very little in the way of organising a military administration. To get the men was all they could possibly hope for. To have proposed any further improvements would have seemed like an attempt to rivet military fetters on the country. Independently of this, we must remember the extreme unpopularity into which the whole tribe of contractors and army clothiers had fallen, through the gross misconduct of the English commander in the first Continental war where England played a leading part. The writers of a century ago are full of gibes at these rapidly ennobled *parvenus*. And doubtless their insolence and extravagance had made the very name hateful to the gentry of the House of Commons, as well as to the country at large. Accordingly, we find that it was not till so late as the year 1809 that any systematic effort was made to establish a regular commissariat department. Representations had repeatedly been made to the government authorities, and feeble and isolated attempts at complying with them had followed. But it was not till after the disastrous campaign of Sir John Moore in 1808 that the subject was seriously taken up, and Colonel Gordon (afterwards Sir Willoughby Gordon), military secretary to the Duke of York, was entrusted with the formation of a department, he himself being the first Commissary-General. The history of the Commissariat Department is the history more or less of the others; and we may accept Mr. Fonblanque's work as one piece of evidence out of many that the public is at length becoming convinced of their past folly, and the necessity of carrying our organisation to as perfect a point as possible. Bureaucracy is a word distasteful to British ears, and red-tape has lately been made the theme of much irrational ridicule. But the only way in which the Duke of Wellington was enabled to perfect that splendid army with which he said he could have gone anywhere, and done anything, was by tightening instead of relaxing the bonds of routine; and one thing which gave him a very great advantage over the enemy was their deficiency in this very point, though till quite recently this was one of the last defects suspected of them. Yet the correspondence of Napoleon I. and Joseph, as well as theme moirs of the Duke of Ragusa, prove beyond a

doubt that the French were worse off in this respect than ourselves, and show that Mr. Fonblanque has not overstated the case in the following paragraph:

"It is probable that the marshals of Napoleon's army were unwilling to submit to that control which must always be exercised by an official administrative body, and that they found their advantage in a system which afforded few checks upon their expenditure. Whatever the causes may have been, it is certain that Napoleon, with far greater powers than his adversary, never succeeded in forming a good commissariat; that money and provisions were irregularly furnished and ill accounted for; and to this defect, coupled with the national propensity before alluded to, may be attributed the wholesale system of pillage and rapine which distinguished the French armies wherever they appeared, and incurred for them the bitter hatred of every population among which they were thrown. That this was one of the causes contributing to their ultimate expulsion from the Peninsula cannot be doubted, and we have here another illustration of the vital importance of a well-organised administration to military success."

It is well known that the efficient commissariat force which the Duke had got together at so much cost and trouble, was disbanded in 1815; and that at the outbreak of the Russian war the work had all to be done over again. Hence the "horrible and heartrending" sufferings of the British troops, which were most unfairly visited either upon the Commander-in-Chief, or else upon the heads of the departments, who were themselves comparatively new to the work, had no trained corps to rely upon, and were placed in circumstances of unusual difficulty and complexity. One point is noticed by Mr. Fonblanque, which we recollect to have observed in the conduct of the two departments alluded to, when engaged in the Crimea:

"There is, however, a want of a clear and precise definition of the actual duties of the quartermaster-general's department, which during the late war led to inconvenient encroachment upon the responsibilities of other services, and imposed upon its functions quite beyond its legitimate sphere of action."

"The necessity for separating this department from that of the adjutant-general is not very apparent, and it is probable that the general course of study to be pursued at the staff school will lead to the amalgamation of the two most important branches of the staff."

As an illustration of this inconvenience we quote a passage from Sir Richard Airey's Addresses:

"It is only by requisitions that the department (*i. e.* quartermaster-general's) can operate in the way of army works. Thus, if he saw the advantage of putting the Light Division, he would first obtain from the engineer's department a list of the materials requisite, and would then send a copy to the Commissariat, with this requisition."

"Required materials according to the accompanying list, to be purchased and delivered forthwith at the camp of the Light Division."

"Signed, Quartermaster-General."

And to the engineer's department would be sent another requisition to this effect:

"Required to be constructed, sufficient wooden huts for the Light Division."

"Signed, Quartermaster-General."

But beyond this he cannot go. His duty would have been discharged, whether the huts were constructed or not. It is only the adjutant-general who has the power of ordering the human material necessary in the shape of workmen. So that unless this last officer is able to afford fatigue parties, the quartermaster will have laboured in vain.

Although the character of Mr. Fonblanque's work is rather tabular than critical, yet the reader will meet with independent observations on most of the leading military questions of the day; as, for instance, on promotion by purchase and from the ranks; on the recruiting system; on the amount of pay, and on the method of issuing it; on all which points our author, though guarded in expression, seems inclined to take the popular view. The following remarks on purchase are temperate and worth consideration, although we do not think on the whole we should be willing to subscribe to them:

"There is a peculiar feature in our military economy which renders the subject of promotion very difficult to deal with, this is the ancient practice of the sale and purchase of commissions; a practice which, although generally condemned as vicious in principle, is yet too deeply rooted in the institutions of the army, and involves so many interests, that every proposal for its abolition is viewed with alarm, and the practicability of instituting a system which would upon the whole work equally well, very much doubted by many whose opinions are entitled to the greatest respect."

"This would be no proper place for the introduction of a discussion on the propriety of a system sanctioned by existing regulations; but public opinion, both in and out of the army, has been strongly expressed upon this subject, and so strong appears now the desire in all quarters to place our military institutions upon a firm and solid basis, that hopes may be entertained of the gradual extinction of a system the principles of which it is not attempted to defend. All our social and political reforms are conducted cautiously and by degrees, and there can be no reason why the practice of army purchase should not be abolished without the infliction of any injustice to individuals, or the slightest shock to our military system."

"Were this object effected—and the question has now reached that stage that every step tends towards the desired end, and the final extinction of the practice is only a question of time—a mixed system of promotion by selection in cases of well-established merit (in support of which an efficient machinery of inspection would be required to be established), and by seniority, with the practical power of supersession in the case of marked demerit, would probably be found the best method which could be devised for regulating the advancement of our military officers."

Promotion from the ranks would never work well while English society continues what it is. The English soldiers at present follow best those men to whom they are bound by a traditional feeling of respect as well as by military discipline. The former softens and humanises the latter, and certainly the recent conduct of a large body of officers belonging to an army in which the practice prevails has not been such as to encourage us to adopt it here.

On the subject of recruiting our author says, we think with perfect truth:

"It is to be regretted that it should be necessary to offer a premium on enlistment; in a word, to bribe men to enter a service, to belong to which should be considered an honour and a privilege; but it must be admitted that nothing is so well calculated to tempt the reckless, the improvident, and the dissolute as the immediate possession of a sum, which to an idle, hungry, or thirsty man of the working class must appear wealth; and while it is a paramount object to obtain a certain quantity of material, irrespective of quality, trusting to discipline to convert it into serviceable shape, there can be no method better calculated to prove efficacious than the offer of a bounty."

"It is very probable that if we were able to extend our recruiting operations to a superior class of men, bounties on enlistment might be abolished, and some more permanent prospective advantages, acting also as an incentive to good

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conduct and prolonged service, established in their place; but before the army can be rendered attractive to the best portion of the working class and the great body of the middle class—before the yeoman, the mechanic, and the tradesman can be taught to consider military service a privilege and an advantage, rather than a derogatory and a profitless undertaking—before those classes would make their sons soldiers as readily as they now make them apprentices, clerks, and shopmen—a complete revolution, not so much of a financial as of an administrative nature, must take place in our army; and until then the bounty will be found the most effectual method of filling the ranks."

Now, this is obviously true as far as it goes. But then we are told that the one inducement to this better class of citizens to enlist would be the very thing we have just condemned—that is, promotion from the ranks. Now, let us see how this would work. The object with which a young man would consent to carry a musket instead of a yard measure, would not even then be a pecuniary one; for neither his earnings as a subaltern or captain, nor his half-pay as a colonel, supposing him to reach that grade, would equal the competency he could hope to realise in business. But it is to be presumed that even if purchase were abolished—a practice that would obviously confine him to the lower ranks of officers—he would seldom, under ordinary circumstances, rise any higher; for he could hardly compete, as a rule, with men who had been training for examination from their boyhood. But if ambition prompted him to enter the army at all, it would probably be a social ambition. He would desire to abridge that barrier between himself and the class of "gentlemen" which his class may occasionally find irritating. He would therefore be content to drag out his days on the pay of a lieutenant, and finally when grown grey, of a captain, for the sake of being called a gentleman. Now, even if we suppose the class in question to be so foolish as this hypothesis would imply, yet it is clear that this concession to them would in time destroy its own value. As soon as our regimental officers came to present a pretty large admixture of such men, the position of an officer would lose all its social distinction, just as knighthood has lost it since it ceased to be the privilege of a class; so that the aspiring young fellow who abandoned the counter for the barrack would find himself at fifty years of age with no more gentility and a great deal less money than his less ambitious shopmate who had stuck steadily to the business.

While on the subject of pay we may as well quote the following calculation from Mr. Fonblanque, which shows what is the real pecuniary status of an officer in her Majesty's infantry. Taking the amount of pay and allowances on the one side, and setting against them the interest on sums paid for commissions and various regimental deductions, we find that a lieutenant-colonel, whose pay, &c. is 365*l.* per annum, is 15*l.* 12*s.* 11*d.* out of pocket annually; that a major, whose pay is 292*l.*, clears 42*l.* 9*s.* 8*d.*; that a captain, whose pay is 211*l.* 7*s.* 11*d.*, clears 68*l.* 12*s.* 11*d.*; that a lieutenant, whose pay is 118*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*, clears 64*l.* 13*s.* 0*d.*; and that an ensign, whose pay is 95*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.*, clears 68*l.* 1*s.* 3*d.*; "so that the average income of purchasing regimental officers of infantry of all ranks is under 50*l.* a year." And yet while this is the case, we read of such things as the following:

"An allowance of 5004*l.* a year is made to provide a daily dinner to the officers mounting guard

at St. James's Palace and at Dublin Castle. This cannot, however, be classed as a personal allowance."

The fact is, that the theory of the English army has long survived its practice, and that its pay is based upon a state of things which no longer exists. If the novelists and comedians of the last century are to be trusted, a subaltern in a marching regiment occupied very much the same position as the chaplain in a great family. "A pair of colours," as the phrase was, was frequently the reward bestowed on a clever valet, an illegitimate son, or any importunate hanger-on, who claimed the reward of his services as pimp, toady, or bravo. These were the men who bilked inn-keepers, swindled their comrades, and brought the class to which they belonged into bad odour with all people of taste, education, and honour, till a bullet, a blade, or a widow relieved the service of their presence. That class, we need hardly say, is just as extinct now as the parson who married the lady's maid, fed his own pigs, and loaded his own dung-cart. But if we now have gentlemen where we once had quite the reverse, we ought to enable them to live in a corresponding style. This is one point in our military system that requires correction now, and if a still poorer class are to be admitted to the army, will require it still more.

In the chapter devoted to the clothing of the army we do not find much that throws light upon the recent transactions at Weedon. But some useful remarks will be found there relating to the durability of the soldier's dress, and its comparative excellence by the side of the French or Sardinian.

We may say, in conclusion, that there is scarcely any subject connected in the remotest way with military matters on which we do not here find information. The whole system of army administration, as it exists at present in all its branches, is explained circumstantially. Every arm of the service with its peculiar privileges and duties, its pay and its rank, is fully described. The pay of every description of officer, civil or military, staff or regimental, is set down. And in point of fact the whole subject is so thoroughly mapped out before us, that anybody by two or three hours' reading may make himself master of the whole of this complex and much agitated question.

Four Months in Algeria. By the Rev. J. W. Blakesley, sometime Fellow and Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. (Macmillan.)

This is no ordinary book of travel got up to satisfy a demand in the literary market. We are not bored with details of how time was killed in this place, how wonderful civility was met with in that place, and how some obscure adventure came off in a third,—all encumbered with a host of barbarous names spelt in the most correct and puzzling style of modern orthography. "Four Months in Algeria" holds out, on the contrary, a double prospect of accurate and useful information, touching in one direction upon the history of modern Algiers and Algeria, and in another upon the empire of ancient Carthage, and one of the most interesting and important of Roman provinces.

Mr. Blakesley's name as a scholar is no strange one to the public. Formerly a fellow and tutor of Trinity College, he has been long famous as the "Hertfordshire Incumbent," and has more recently edited Herodotus, in the series known as the

Bibliotheca Classica. Perhaps Herodotus has taught Mr. Blakesley how to travel. At least he is quite Herodotean in the personal acquisition of interesting and thoroughly useful information, and in admirable simplicity of narration. The book is remarkably unpretentious in style, at once escaping the blame of ostentatious care and ostentatious carelessness. Even when drawn into an account of the last siege of Carthage, the author attempts no false elevation or richness of narrative, and though we find the amplest details of French and Arab life and character, not one page can be called flippant.

"Compelled, at a short notice, to take refuge from an English winter and spring," Mr. Blakesley selected North Africa for his asylum, a very curious country, which, notwithstanding its ready accessibility, is but little known in England. Starting from Marseilles in a *bâtiment de commerce*, and threading the Balearic Islands on the way, the traveller arrived at Algiers after a prosperous voyage of only forty-four hours. Algiers was comparatively disappointing, as the fairest aspect of the place presents itself not in winter, but in spring, when its glittering whiteness, backed by the verdure of the mountains behind, may perhaps justify the Arabs in likening it to "a diamond set in emerald." Its oriental beauty is however fast fading under Gallic influences, especially near the shore; though, higher up, it is still strong in the old Moorish characteristics. Algiers formed the head-quarters of the traveller for the first two months in 1858. Those two months were well occupied with constant excursions into the neighbouring parts of the central of the three French provinces in Algeria. Mr. Blakesley sometimes rode an Arab horse, and sometimes adopted the time-honoured *diligence*—an institution which one is hardly prepared to meet with in the North of Africa. The French however appear to introduce first *cafés*, and then *diligences*, wherever they find themselves in sufficient numbers. In the course of narrating these excursions, and afterwards throughout his book, Mr. Blakesley has occasion to detail the civil and military progress of the French conquest. Whether he has had any particular *penchant* for the arts of war and government, we obviously cannot decide; but one of the most remarkable features of his book is the masterly manner in which he has grasped the subjects of Algerian campaigning and Algerian administration, as they have appeared since 1830. One certainly does not look for such a large measure of this talent in a quiet English Vicar, and a late Fellow. Doubtless, actual presence on the spot, and intercourse with many of the parties concerned, must do a great deal for a man; but, given so much as this, we cannot suppose but that even experienced professionals will be struck by the clearness and accuracy with which the campaigns of Algeria, and the whole French administration, with all its merits and demerits, are laid before the reader. *En route*, Mr. Blakesley is of opinion, that in spite of the enormous sum (60,000,000*l.*) which Algeria has cost France since 1830, the government is still highly unsatisfactory, if not insecure. Grievous blunders at the outset, in respect to conciliation, and the bad influence necessarily attendant on the coarse feelings and conduct of many of the lower officials, are the great causes of such a state of affairs. But we must not delay.

At the beginning of March the travellers took the steamer for Oran, the capital of the western province of Algeria. After much not unprofitable delay, he reached that important town, gained to France by a really successful and almost accidental *coup de guerre*. Making Oran his new centre of operations, Mr. Blakesley immediately began the exploration of the western province.

This occupied him a month; and, though his itinerary is sometimes not very perspicuous, and the reader is driven too often to a laborious consultation of the map, the excursion in the province of Oran is full of information and interest. Returning to Algiers, he embarked on the 30th of March for Philippeville, the port of Constantine, capital of the eastern province. The sea appears to be the great high-road of Algeria, the outstanding "buttresses" of the Northern Atlas greatly impeding land communication along the "litoral." The voyage was an agreeably tardy one, allowing the tourist to see much of the intervening coast, which is described as one of striking beauty, the bay of Bougie, in particular, recalling the charms of the fair Gulf of Spezzia. At length the steamer put into the harbour of Philippeville, which is built on the site of the ancient Rusicada. The principal object of interest was the remains of the theatre, where Mr. Blakesley found some strange "ancient records of vulgarity." They are thus described:

"In the area occupied by these ruins are collected various relics of the Roman times—fragments of one or two statues, capitals of columns, and several inscriptions, a few of which are tumular stones. Among the last I did not see a single Christian one, although the degenerate style of the decorations of the theatre, as well as the emperors' names on the inscriptions, indicate very low times. One of the last-mentioned was intended as a piece of flattery to the Emperor Caracalla. In the year when it was put up (A.D. 215) he had come from Antioch to Alexandria; and doubtless it was expected by many that he would continue his progress through the north of Africa. This prospect would not fail to stimulate the ingenuity of such provincials as desired to recommend themselves. It was on the cards that the emperor might go to the play at Rusicada, and in default of better entertainment might listlessly read over the inscriptions which met his eye; in which case some small crumbs of favour might be cast to those who showed how anxiously they desired them. In the monumental records of this time throughout North Africa, nothing is so striking as the proof which they afford of a vulgar lust for petty distinctions, accompanied by an entire disregard of the means by which these might be attained. One man puts up a monument to his patron, by whose favour he had been enabled to fill the offices of his town at an earlier age than the law permitted; another makes the same public acknowledgment to his, on behalf of his son. But the most common form of a mean ostentation is, for the holder of a provincial dignity to proclaim to the world, that, in addition to the payment which he had agreed to make in consideration for the honour, he likewise gave something or other to boot, the money value of which is carefully set down on the stone which has handed down the memory of the whole transaction to posterity."

While in the interior of this province, Mr. Blakesley heard much of the lions, which seemed to be regarded in the light of an everyday affair, a domestic institution. The following strange conversation was one day overheard, between two settlers and the wife of a third:

"One of the two men broke off the conversation which had been going on, with the words,—*'Voilà un lion.'*

"*'Non,'* said the second, *'c'est un chien; ah oui! c'est un jeune lion.'*

"*'Oui,'* joined in the lady, *'c'est un lion; il y est souvent.'*

"The beginning of this discourse naturally awakened unpleasant sensations in one whose leonine experiences were entirely derived from the Zoological Gardens; but the end of it effectually changed them into a strong feeling of curiosity. The whole argument had been conducted with the same entire absence of personal considerations which would characterise a discussion between two English farmers as to whether a green crop in the distance was wheat or barley; and I really regretted when it appeared that on this particular occasion the 'habituall lion' had been replaced by an extremely large mastiff dog, who had apparently lost his master, and was watching in the most likely place to meet him."

It was not long before the tourist visited Constantine, the lordly *Cirta*, "enthroned on its gigantic pedestal of rock." Constantine, as the sole emporium of the eastern province, is a place of much trade and activity; interesting in many respects, but chiefly on account of the vast remains of antiquity with which it abounds, and which were examined with some minuteness. Provincial antiquity has an interest wholly its own, an interest arising from the more frequent absence of the stately superficial, and the prevalence to a greater extent of the petty, the minute, and the homely. Here is a relic well worthy of special observation:

"In the 'Prætorium' there is an extremely curious monument, a hemicycle, or circular bench, such as are found in almost all old Greek Roman towns, in which old people, the *aprici senes* of Horace, used to sit sheltered from the cold winds, and enjoying the warmth of the winter sun. In this particular instance it seems to have belonged to what may be called 'a subalterns' club.' Its inner face is covered with an inscription, setting forth a resolution to which the members had come, on the occasion of furnishing their club with the statues of the reigning family and of their tutelary deities; and the purport of it indicates the possession of common funds of considerable magnitude."

And again below, *apropos* of ancient superstition:

"A large block, apparently the base of a statue, lying among the ruins of Lambessa, informs us that whatever had been supported by it was set up 'at the suggestion of Apollo,' by a commandant *ad interim* of the Augustan Legion. Another individual, an actual præfect of the camp, furnished the genius of his house with a new pedestal, in consequence of a recommendation to that effect from the god of wine conveyed to him in his sleep; and upon the strength of this piece of obedience solicits his adviser to send him and his family safe back to Rome, and prosper him there."

These discoveries were made at Batna, a town to the South of Constantine in the interior. Mr. Blakesley soon after took a final farewell of Constantine and its neighbourhood, "a locality unparalleled in the objects of interest it presents," and struck out for the sea-coast in a north-east direction, wishing to visit Bona, the ancient *Hippo*. His route lay by Hammar Meskoutin, a place whose mineral springs throw Carlsbad into the shade, and by Guelma, the ancient *Calama*, famous for the Christian and Pagan riots of St. Augustine's time. Bona—successively *Ubbo*, *Hippon*, *Hippona*, *Bona*, *Bonè*—stands on a site slightly removed from that which it occupied in the fifth century. Very little remains of the ancient town; a set of cisterns alone being conspicuous, near which the French clergy have erected an altar-tomb and a statue "of diminutive size but fair execution," to the

great author of the "City of God." The neighbourhood is deficient in interest, and the whole trade of the place is not equal to that of the poorest fishing-town on the south coast of England.

Leaving at length the shores of Algeria, Mr. Blakesley embarked for Tunis; and the last chapter but one is devoted to a detail of his observations on the site of Carthage, to a topographically-suggested narrative of its final siege, and to remarks on Procopius's account of the Vandal war. This supplement to the Algerian travels forms, perhaps, the most interesting feature in the work to the scholar or antiquary. Quotation would, however, be useless, every conjecture, every incident of narrative hangs so immediately on a chain of topographical reasoning.

The last chapter is for the statesman. We have in it an able summary of the history, system, and expenses of the French Government in Algeria. The picture is not a flattering one. Even the security of the government seems doubtful. No attempt was made at the outset to take advantage of the organisation which the invaders found already existing; and the native mind has been deeply wounded by unnecessary and unnatural changes. Nor do the French authorities seem to gain wisdom from experience. A new constitution has been lately promulgated, which is actually a return from a slightly improved government to the original faulty policy. Remarking that there may be those who will feel no regret at such a state of things, in the hope of seeing French influence banished from Algeria, Mr. Blakesley concludes with these wise and liberal remarks:

"There are doubtless many who, if a fresh outbreak of the native population of Algeria should be the issue of the new constitution, will not be sorry to see the power of France weakened, and her resources exhausted in the efforts to restore tranquillity. Of that number I shall certainly not be one. Whatever crimes may have been committed, and whatever amount of suffering inflicted, in the conquest of North Africa, the present state of things is a gain to the native population, and a benefit to civilised Europe. Let our neighbours for another generation be satisfied with the possession of a well-administered dependency. Let them allow it to develop itself into a colony in the natural course of events, as security for life and property, a settled policy, and the removal of absurd restrictions, gradually attract capital, and with capital emigration across the sea. Let them patiently await the disintegration of the old institutions, which will assuredly follow in time under the influence of increased wealth and long-continued peace. To cast seed upon the waters, even though many days must pass before the harvest be reaped, is a nobler policy for a ruler, than, out of a morbid impatience for results, to sow a crop of worthless thistles."

An Inquiry into the Constitution, Powers, and Processes of the Human Mind, with a view to the Determination of the Fundamental Principles of Religious, Moral, and Political Science. By the Rev. W. R. Pirie, D.D., Professor of Divinity in the University and Marischal College of Aberdeen. (Aberdeen: Brown & Co.)

This is a large octavo volume, containing upwards of six hundred pages of good substantial paper, well-printed in clear open type, with a liberal allowance of "fat"—altogether a very favourable specimen of country printing. Having said so much, we have nearly exhausted its claims to public attention. Apart from the paper and type, the

title is the best part of the volume, both in substance and style. An inquiry into the constitution, powers, and processes of the human mind is a most interesting and important one; and when undertaken for the purpose of determining the fundamental principles of religious, moral, and political science, it is turned to its highest practical account. A work contributing anything towards the accomplishment of such an object is entitled to a hearty welcome. But the present volume does nothing of the kind. It contains nothing that can fairly be called an inquiry into the constitution and powers of the mind, and affords not the most distant glimpse of the fundamental principles of religious, moral, or political science. The title is a misnomer, and the book a mistake. It never ought to have been published at all. What end it can possibly answer, except to expose the writer's ignorance of the subject, we are at a loss to conceive. In saying that the writer is wholly ignorant of the subject he undertakes to discuss, we do not mean to assert that he has never looked into the ordinary manuals of mental science. He has read something of Reid, Stewart, and Brown, has heard of Sir W. Hamilton, and looked with transient amazement into Professor Ferrier's "Theory of Knowing and Being." But beyond Reid and Brown he shows no acquaintance whatever with the literature of philosophy. He talks, indeed, at considerable length of Kant; but, from first to last, his speech is hopelessly unintelligible—a blind man's talk of colours. Again, he often refers to Sir W. Hamilton; but he has evidently never seen more than one of that distinguished philosopher's papers—that on "Theories of Perception;" and this he did not in the least understand. The mistakes he continually makes in notorious matters of fact are ludicrous and astounding. If there is one fact more notorious than any other, even to superficial readers, who know little or nothing of philosophy, it is that Sir W. Hamilton, in his celebrated article on the "Philosophy of the Infinite," utterly destroyed both the eclecticism of Cousin, and the ambitious systems of idealism and idealty that had arisen in Germany out of the bosom of the Kantian philosophy. Dr. Pirie makes Sir William the disciple of Cousin! "It is certain," he says, in the serene dogmatism of absolute ignorance, "that he (Sir William) tended more and more towards the late German and French eclectic philosophy, and from that time the clearness of his views, and the practical importance of his speculations began progressively to diminish." So much for his knowledge of the substance of Sir William's philosophy; but Dr. Pirie is at fault to an equally ludicrous extent with regard to his style. The one quality most prominent in Sir William's philosophical writings is their severe precision, the perfect clearness and finish both of the thought and the expression. Dr. Pirie talks of his having "allowed his mind to get so confused by the mists of German metaphysics, in the use of his interminable divisions and indefinite language, as to render a large proportion of his writings comparatively of little value." Dr. Pirie's knowledge of philosophical literature, though absolutely contemptible, is learning itself compared to his ignorance of the science. He shows no comprehension whatever of the philosophical problems he undertakes to discuss. Why he should ever have thought of lecturing on the subject, much less why he should be so mis-

guided as to dream of making his lectures public, we cannot imagine.

The style of the volume is, if possible, worse than the substance. We had thought of quoting a sentence or two by way of illustration, but it really is not worth while. Such a style as Dr. Pirie writes is beneath criticism. The sentences are loose, rambling, unconnected, ungrammatical, and crowded with unmeaning expletives. Amidst the mere flow of useless, unsuited words, it is often impossible to discover the meaning at all. From first to last the book is, in the expressive language of the North, one long, hopeless *haver*, or in the more familiar phraseology of the South, mere palaver; and it is all the more intolerable from the fact that the talker has no knowledge of the subject he stolidly persists in discussing.

Latimer's Sermons and Life. Edited by John Watkins, LL.D. (Aylott.)

THE sermons of Latimer have been said to contest with the "Utopia" of More the honour of being the prose-classic of the day. Many causes operated together to make them merit the distinction. Fisher, Colet, and Longland (*alter Coletus*, as More calls him), had preceded Latimer in the English pulpit; and, while throwing an air of dignity over it, they had done much to make it popular also. Colet it was who instituted and provided a sermon upon every Sunday, in fine weather, at Paul's Cross, and when the weather was tempestuous, in the chapel under the choir. The supplying of fit and able persons to wield this important organ of public influence, taxed the care and anxiety not only of Craumer and Parker, but not unfrequently of the government also. Paul's Cross was almost anything rather than a place of devotional exercise. The devout were doubtless to be found among the crowds of listeners, but they stood side by side with the curious, the learned, the idle, and the profane. All sorts of scenes were enacted at the celebrated resort. A penitent might at one time be seen, with the taper and the white sheet, going through the appointed punishment of his faults. At another, some worn-out and trembling recusant might be heard reading the abjuration of his heretical opinions. Here the Spanish king came in state to witness an harangue by Gardiner; and here Jewell uttered his famous challenge to Rome. But the great feature of the preachings at the Cross, as contrasted with our modern customs, was the free and undisguised manifestation of pleasure or disappointment on the part of the audience. Every patriotic student knows how often St. Chrysostom had to check the applause of his Antiochene hearers; and the following passage from Donne * will prove that a similar practice was common in the seventeenth century as well. "We come too near," he says, "to re-inducing this vain-glorious fashion, in those often periodical murmurings and noises which you make, when the preacher concludeth any point: for those impertinent interjections swallow up one quarter of his time." On the other hand, "coughing down," and many other methods were resorted to, when disapprobation had to be expressed.

Before an audience which was used to behaviour of this kind, Latimer was admirably constituted to make a good figure. His sermons are, accordingly, as Mr. Hallam has called them, animated, effective, picturesque,

* Sermon CXXI., quoted in Willmott's "Life of Jeremy Taylor."

intelligible. And the "ludicrous association and commonplace invective," of which the historian complains, were simply the conditions, no more and no less, of such qualities in such an age. The intrepid Bishop of Worcester was from the first a genuine Englishman: one who hit hard and straight without fear or favour. There is a passage in one of his sermons before Edward VI., which shows that his early mental training had been well-tempered with bodily exercise; and the evident relish with which he looks back upon his first attempts in archery would do good to the hearts of some "muscular Christians" in the present day.

In the sixth sermon preached before the same young king, we find a liberal passage conceived in the very spirit of St. Paul (though redundant in illustration), which must have been as popular at the time of its delivery as it has been much quoted since:

"I had rather ye should come of a naughty mind to hear the word of God for novelty, or for curiosity to hear some pastime, then to be away. I had rather ye should come as the tale is by the gentlewoman of London: one of her neighbours met her in the street and said, Mistress, whither go ye? 'Marry,' said she, 'I am going to St. Thomas of Acres to the sermon; I could not sleep all this last night, and I am going now thither; I never failed of a good nap there.' And so I had rather ye should go a napping to the sermons, than not to go at all. For with what mind soever ye come, though ye come for an ill purpose, yet peradventure ye may chance to be caught ere ye go: the preacher may chance to catch you on his hook. Rather than ye should not come at all, I would have you come of curiosity, as St. Augustine came to hear St. Ambrose. When St. Augustine came to Milan (he tells the story himself, in the end of his book of confessions), he was very desirous to hear St. Ambrose, not for any love he had to the doctrine that he taught, but to hear his eloquence, whether it was so great as the speech was, and as the bruit went. Well, before he departed, St. Ambrose caught him on his hook, and converted him so, that he became of a Manichee, and of a Platonist, a good Christian, a defender of Christ's religion, and of the faith afterward. So I would have you to come to sermons."

The sermons before Edward were preached in a garden of the palace of Westminster, the people having admission, and the King hearing them from one of his windows. Hence, in great measure, the familiar and colloquial style, and the absence of definite form and consecutive argument. The late Professor Blunt (in the "Reformation in England") writes under the "tales of Robin Hood, and of the Godwin Sands, and of an execution at Oxford,"—"familiar, not to say mean images, mixed up with puns the most idle, and similes the most unsavoury." But the reader will bear in mind that these features, blemishes though they may be from a strictly ecclesiastical point of view, are often invested with no mean literary interest. Just as we learn a great deal of the *arcana* of society at Antioch and Constantinople from the sermons of Chrysostom, so in Latimer's discourses have we a series of most vivid pictures, portraying the condition of the two great faculties, divinity and law, and rich with the sort of detail that might be expected from an unsparing censorship of popular manners.

We, therefore, heartily welcome this reprint of Dr. Watkins's 1825 edition. The "Life" is heavy enough, more than half of it consisting of the Oxford disputations *in extenso*, extracted from Fox. But the type is admirable, and the edition is on the whole a very commodious one.

THE COUNCIL OF TEN.

"De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis."

The Council has assembled at the Bedford for the purpose of seeing out the Old Year, and to aid that astronomical operation has provided itself with a variety of glasses, not forgetting bottles. THE EDITOR, THE MANDARIN, MR. DROOPER, MR. STROKE, and THE BARONET, are, however, the only members true to their duty, the other half of the pensive and deliberative body being absent.

MR. STROKE.

Eleven o'clock! We shall hardly have any additions to our party to-night. Where is that Irishman? The Professor is of course dancing Sir Roger de Coverley with his children, and the Colonel keeps Christmas in Shropshire. Temple, however, is in town, for I met him yesterday.

THE EDITOR.

That illustrious poet has been engaged on his composition for the Burns festival at the Crystal Palace, and this is the last day for sending in. He is probably exhausted with his efforts, and is muttering his *nunc opus exegi* on his own sofa.

MR. DROOPER.

He won't get The Guineas.

THE BARONET.

Which means that you are a competitor?

"Prizes that none beside ourselves could gain
Should our immortal courses take the plain."

MR. DROOPER.

No. I confess to having begun three or four poems, but I could not get on.

THE MANDARIN.

Why, there's heaps of rhymes to Burns. Urns, turns, discerns, yearns, wretched kernes, learns, Fanny Ferns. Where was the difficulty? And why should not Temple win? He has a pleasing way of expressing himself, I'm sure.

MR. DROOPER.

I make no doubt that he has written a regular University prize poem—something in this way—

"When Cincinnatus, following at the plough,
Wore the Dictator's wreath upon his brow,
And through the earth impelled the glittering steel,
As his good sword had made the Volscians reel;
So Caledonia's ploughman—"

THE BARONET.

There—there. Don't you pity the judges? Don't you think that they ought to be excused from ever reading another line of verse during their natural lives. I hear that hundreds of poems have gone in.

MR. DROOPER.

No end of Scalds singing of Burns.

THE BARONET.

The use of the Crystal Palace for a literary festival is perfectly proper, in fact laudable. But I should like to know who is responsible for the vulgarities with which the place has been filled this Christmas. I saw a bill, like a low playbill, announcing various sports, with a grinning clown and pantaloons, and the motto, "Be in pudding time!" This, among those beautiful courts and Grecian statues.

THE EDITOR.

Something towards dividends, I suppose, but very unworthy. Who has seen the other Crystal Palace, as it is silyly called, in Oxford Street?

THE BARONET.

I have. Well, Owen Jones cannot do a bad thing, and this is very pretty; but I don't see any element of business success in the place. It will make a capital Casino one of these days.

MR. STROKE.

I don't know what a Casino is.

MR. DROOPER.

Never mind; you can't expect to know everything; if we all did that, we couldn't talk. Speaking of buildings, the new Adelphi is certainly the prettiest theatre in Europe.

THE BARONET.

"Rejected Addresses" comes in again:

"To realise bold Wyatt's plan,
Rushed many a howling Irishman,
Loud clattered many a porter-can,"

and so forth. I am glad we've got a comfortable place; and now what about the pieces and the company?

MR. DROOPER.

I take it that Webster means to inaugurate a new system. I hope so. With such a house, and a stage on which anything can be done, the entertainments must be of the first class. The French *drame*, or that school, is his business, but it must be done by the best artists whom he can lay hold of. Clarkson Stanfield's drop scene is a delightful thing to behold.

THE EDITOR.

What of Stanfield's is not? Whose waves do you ever hear washing so audibly? I know one painting of his, in particular, before which I can sit and save myself the expense and trouble of going to Brighton, by just putting on a sea-side hat, and listening to the splash of his water. Very little imagination does the rest.

THE BARONET (thoughtfully).

I suppose that we might manage to do without a great many things that we think needful. I see Barnum has been lecturing, and says that we ought to put down all that we spend, *per diem*, under two heads, the necessary and the unnecessary, and that we should soon be shamed out of a good deal of the second.

THE MANDARIN.

All bosh. Of course one *can* exist without one's comforts, but I beg to decline existence on those terms. For instance, I like a cigar, and I don't like a bad one, and I can't get a good one under eightpence. Am I extravagant, or am I wise, in buying the eightpenny cigar?

MR. STROKE.

A labourer in Suffolk keeps himself, his wife, and six children, that is, eight people, for a week, on about nine of your cigars.

THE MANDARIN.

It does him great credit; but I don't see how that fact affects me. It would be more to the purpose to find fault with Sir George there, who gives twelve or fourteen shillings for a bottle of port wine, something like eightpence a glass, that is disposed of in a minute or two, while my weed burns half an hour and more.

MR. STROKE.

The question is, whether I have a right to spend a guinea on my dinner while the Refuge for the Homeless wants the money.

THE BARONET.

I don't blink the question. You have a perfect right to spend two guineas, if you like, upon your dinner, even if the Refuge were bankrupt. Of course, I don't mean a mere legal right—we all know that you have that—but a social right, under the present artificial system of society. Under the exploded doctrines of a people called Christians, it might have been another matter. I do not much think that Paul would have enjoyed his cup of Falernian, while knowing that Timothy, with his infirmities, could not get anything but water. But a mere fragmentary appeal to one's sense of right, a demand for self-denial at table, when we abandon all other duties of brotherhood, is simply, as the Mandarin says, bosh—and so pass the claret.

Drink, Pagan.

THE EDITOR.

Nay, there's Paganism in not drinking, too. I saw yesterday a flaming advertisement of the merits of the Vulcan Lodge of Abstinents—a Jewish vow under the shrine of a heathen god.

THE EDITOR.

Who told them that Vulcan was an abstainer? When Thetis visited him, he asked her in the politest manner to partake the "genial rites and

hospitable fare," which doesn't sound much like cold water. And moreover we first hear of him—ask Mr. Gladstone—filling a double bowl with nectar, and giving it to the white-armed Juno. Would you like the Greek?

THE MANDARIN.

None for me, thank you.

MR. DROOPER.

Are there any books published now. I never hear of any. I see them in windows, of course, but nobody tells me anything about them.

THE EDITOR.

Can't you read the reviews.

MR. DROOPER.

No, I can't: so there. I used to review, myself, in the old days, and I know how I did it. A smart anecdote, or a dull one, at the beginning—we were reminded of this by the title of the book—then a crib from the table of contents, as giving a fair idea of what the work is about—and then the following extract will give a good idea of the author's style. *Commu, Monsieur!*

THE EDITOR.

Pre-Adamite notions—we don't do that sort of thing now.

MR. DROOPER.

No: worse. A review now is a very smart sermon on the same text as that taken by the author, who is completely eclipsed by his brilliant critic. I never took the trouble to do that sort of thing, and I don't want to read it. But I am going to dine to-morrow in some well-informed society. Tell me something to say about something in the book-line.

THE EDITOR.

Well, say that Professor Masson's "Milton" is a masterly book—you'll remember the three m's. If you dare task your memory any further, say that it fulfils the noble promise of his *Essays on the Poets*, and is a treasure-house of thought, bold as well as subtle.

THE BARONET.

If they ask you about picture-books, say that Mr. Murray has published a most superb edition of Childe Harold, in which the real duty of an illustrator has been discharged, the engravings being not only exquisite in themselves, but being apt and fitting companions to the thoughts of the poet—a criticism that cannot be so often hazarded, in regard to such works, as could be wished. Also, while on the subject, say that from Albemarle Street forthwith proceeds a people's edition of Byron, which is to be cheap, and what is more—thanks to certain copyrights—complete.

MR. STROKE.

Then there is Douglas Jerrold's "Life," excellently done by his son. The likeness, from Bailey's bust, is a very fine one, and nearly as full of truth as the photographs by Dr. Diamond.

THE MANDARIN.

Are you going where there are ladies who care about music? Do you want to please any one of them, regardless of expense? Buy her the "Operatic Album," which is full of gold and colours, and contains a hundred "gems" from all the operas dear to the female gender, as, the *Traviata*, *Trovatore*, *Lucia*, the *Sonnambula*, and a great many more. Mr. Boosey publishes it, and I should think, from my knowledge of women, that it would tend to forward your views.

MR. DROOPER.

I have no views. I am a married man. Don't talk in that way to me. I think I am set up now, and can speak with authority.

THE BARONET.

I'm afraid that you are a bit of a Barnum, Mr. Drooper.

MR. DROOPER.

Who is not? Barnum's impudence in supposing that he has to teach Englishmen, in this commercial age, the value of humbug, is the most remarkable thing in his lecture, which, however, is a very amusing one.

As far provided you are just attract a picture t was worth the publi saying th Osborne to make my cigar room, a lie, which numbers I had do I say, b I have n

It is been given I shall counting profited

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MR. STOKES.

As far as I understand him, he contends that, provided you give the public a really good article, you are justified in any lie or artifice by which you attract attention to it. For instance, if I had a picture to show, a fine one, the sight of which was worth the shilling I charged, there could be no harm in my shutting the doors in the face of the public for a day, and affixing a huge placard, saying that the Queen had sent for the picture to Osborne by special express, as Prince Albert wished to make a photograph from it. I should sit smoking my cigar before the picture in my exhibition room, and laughing as I heard the people read my lie, which would assuredly bring them in treble numbers next day. Mr. Barnum would say that I had done nothing objectionable; the picture, as I say, being a real Millais, or Roberts, or Philip. I have merely compelled them to come in.

THE MANDARIN.

It is evident that our mercantile friend has been giving serious attention to the subject, and I shall make a point of noticing whether his counting-house exhibits any proof that he has profited by the American lesson.

MR. DROOPER.

When I was being courted by the present Mrs. Drooper, that young lady's estimable mamma lost no opportunity of telling me that her Polly, now mine, was a perfect angel. This was not strictly true; indeed, the statement admitted of considerable modification; but the elder lady gave me a very pretty and very excellent wife, and I conceive that the Barnum business was all for my good. I don't condemn Barnum; I only refuse to see any novelty in his views.

THE BARONET.

As religious men, you will have been happy to read in the journals that Lady Newry, who left the Church of England for that of Rome a few years ago, has again seen the error of her faith, and has come as far back as the Bishop of Oxford deemed it proper to bring her ladyship, namely, to St. Paul's, Knightsbridge.

MR. STOKES.

Firstly, who is Lady Newry? Secondly, what are her changes of creed to us? Thirdly, why are they noticed, with the pantomimes, in the papers?

THE BARONET.

Passing over the first and second questions, it seems to me that the one great object of everybody in the present age is to do something that can be mentioned in the papers.

THE EDITOR.

There was one act mentioned the other night, which well deserved notice. I hope it is a true story. Two rich Hindoos, by way of commemorating the proclamation of the Queen in India, paid the debts of all the incarcerated debtors in Bombay gaol, and set them free.

THE BARONET.

Bravo! Is there a gaol in Bombay—no, I'm not so sceptical, but one does hear such *canards*.

THE EDITOR.

Sir, that thought occurred to me, and I had recourse to my friend Mr. Charles Knight, who encyclopædially informed me that the chief public buildings of the town of Bombay are the cathedral, two Scotch churches, several Portuguese and Armenian churches, three Jewish synagogues—

MR. DROOPER.

Come, there must be a gaol—we arrive at creditors.

THE EDITOR.

A number of mosques and Hindoo temples, the government house, the custom house, and other government offices, barracks, and arsenal. I see no reason to doubt the prison.

THE MANDARIN.

As Pope says,
"That casket India's glowing heart unlocks,"

THE BARONET.

Pope says no such thing, and what on earth do you know about Pope, and what do you mean by misquoting him?

THE EDITOR.

No, no. Do not discourage the young official. Some candidate for a government situation has been showing him a page written from dictation. If people improve little opportunities they may pick up a great deal of information. Don't be harsh. Besides, the application was very neat and close. I think even Mr. Peter Cunningham would have forgiven the little manipulation.

THE MANDARIN (*calmly*).

I don't profess to read much, but one hears things.

MR. STOKES.

What a horrid affair that was at the Victoria Theatre.

THE BARONET.

Awful! And what we may call nobody's fault.

THE EDITOR.

Well, we agree, in these days, that everybody may do the best that he can for himself, and that all interference is quackery, but it seems to me that if a Lord Chamberlain were to exercise a reasonable and useful control over the arrangements of theatres, some dangers might be prevented. What right has a manager to bring two mobs into certain collision? Nothing of the kind could have occurred in Paris.

THE BARONET.

I don't know whether any of you ever had the courage and curiosity to go to the Victoria. I go everywhere, and can tell you that the audience is the most abominable one in London, which is saying a good deal. As for the manager suspending the performances on Boxing Night merely because fifteen or sixteen persons had been killed, he would have been mad to attempt it. In ten minutes from the time of the rabble comprehending that there was to be no entertainment, the gallery and pit folks would have stormed the boxes, and a dreadful row would have been followed by robbery and every kind of brutality. Go one night, and hear that audience, when the play of the night turns upon the deeds and escapes of some special scoundrel, and you will understand what rampant ruffianism means.

THE EDITOR.

You will also understand another thing worth notice by those who are interested in the social condition of London. You will see why a decent mechanic, with a modest wife, goes to such places as the Canterbury Hall, where they can sit in comfort and hear good music, instead of crowding the lower theatres, to see vulgar plays, and hear a chorus of ribaldry from the audience. People will be amused, and ought to be amused—amusement is an absolute necessity of laborious life, and these music-houses are a great boon to the humbler classes.

MR. STOKES.

But you have vice there, I suppose—the social evil, I mean.

THE EDITOR.

That to which respectable tradesmen ask that encouragement may be offered in casinos, that it may be kept from before their doors. No, I see little of it in these music places, for the simple reason that it would be out of place, out of demand there. The working classes go with their wives or sweethearts, and there would be, I think, some rough words, or something rougher, for anybody who conducted himself as I have seen gentlemen do in old times in the slips, and later in the casinos.

THE MANDARIN.

You are getting prosy, my good fellows. Can't you leave the lower orders to please themselves and mind their own business?

THE EDITOR.

All very fine, but in 1851 London contained two million three hundred and sixty thousand

people, and at the end of the present century, if the world does not bust up meantime, there will be four million eight hundred thousand people. I don't see how we can help minding their business for them a little, or can help seeing that it is our business a little. However, we won't preach out the old year. There go the bells.

MR. STOKES (*solemnly*).

"Before that bell shall have ceased its chime,
The year shall have sunk in the Ocean of Time."

THE BARONET.

Your own lines, Stoke?

MR. STOKES.

Mine, my dear fellow. I never made a rhyme in all my life.

THE MANDARIN.

Sir, I feel honoured in your acquaintance. Sir, give me your hand.

MR. STOKES.

Stay. Yes, at school I once tried, not for the sake of making verses, Heaven forbid! but because I wanted some what-d'ye-call-'em rhymes to remember the Roman Emperors by—pneumatic—no, not that

THE BARONET.

Mnemonic?

MR. STOKES.

Yes. But when I had stated that awfully bilious was Tullus Hostilius, and exceedingly nauseous was Ancus Martius, I had exhausted my poetical faculty, so I resigned myself to blunder and be caned.

MR. DROOPER.

But I made a rhyme the other day which really deserved the name Stoke just gave his. My wife had bought a new hall mat, over which I stumbled as I came in, and immediately exclaimed—

"Cuss the mat,
I've broke my hat."

Now I call that a new-matic rhyme, if you like.

THE MANDARIN (*utterly disgusted*).

By Jove! But the year is just over, let the sin go with the large heap going away into the past.

THE BARONET.

One New Year's Eve I passed upon the Nile, in a small boat. The wind was very high, and the night was very dark, but we were moored to a bank, and there we lay, and wished for the Sacred Dawn. It was not particularly uncomfortable, but it was dull work, and one thought of home, and how everybody was listening for the bells.

THE MANDARIN.

Stop him, stop him! I see our misery. He made verses. He remembers them. He is going to recite them.

THE BARONET (*defiantly*).

"Far, far away glad Bells are dancing
Over the tomb of half an age,
And morning's light will soon be glancing
On Time's new-turned and virgin page."

THE MANDARIN.

Decedently commonplace. I suppose, from half an age, it was in 1850-1.

THE BARONET (*nods*).

"A dying year's glad knell is ringing,
On Nile's old stream my canvas swells;
But over earth and ocean winging
My heart's wish those who hear the Bells."

THE MANDARIN.

Let us hear them, which we can't do while you recite.

THE EDITOR.

It is of no use, Baronet, he won't have it; and in a small council like ours to-night, one pertinacious voice has too much power. Avenger yourself by silence.

THE BARONET.

But the verses are better and better as they go on. If—

The bells of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, burst out into a tremendous crash, which makes the speaker

inaudible; but by the measured motion of his lips he is supposed to be obstinately continuing to pour out his strain. The bells go on crashing and roaring, but the poet proceeds, and (as is subsequently discovered) narrates in song all his home feelings when on the Nile, goes through a self-examination, touchingly alludes to those whom he loves at home, undertakes, with the blessing of Providence, to lead a new life, and labour earnestly for all who are dear to him, and—(Bells suddenly stop).

THE BARONET (in continuation and conclusion).

"So tender eyes for thee shall glisten,
When last for thee church-music swells,
The Toll—for which thine ear shall listen
No more than now for New Year's Bells."

[A grand crash announces the birth of 1859, and the Council fills its glasses to the New Year.]

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The Hulsean Essay for the year 1858 has been adjudged to Horace Moseley Moule, of Queen's College, Cambridge. Subject—"The History of Christian Oratory during the first five centuries."

We have great pleasure in announcing that Professor Max Müller, Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford, has been elected a Corresponding Member of the Institute of France.

The President of the Royal Society has appointed Lord Wrottesley, General Sabine, Sir R. I. Murchison, Mr. Cassiot, Dr. Whewell, and Mr. Bell, Vice-Presidents of the Society.

Mr. Robert Chambers has positively denied the statement that he is the author of the "Vestiges of Creation." The rumour appears to have arisen from the fact of some of the proof sheets having been sent to him in the first instance.

The firm of Messrs. Chapman & Hall has been strengthened by the admission of Mr. Frederic Chapman, who has for some years taken an active part in the management. The firm now consists of Messrs. Edward and Fred. Chapman, Mr. Hall having been dead some years; but the business will still be carried on under the name of Chapman & Hall.

Mr. D. Nutt and Messrs. Williams & Norgate are preparing an edition of the Vatican New Testament; it is reprinted verbatim from the Roman edition of Cardinal Mai, and will be published at a very moderate price. It is printed from the oldest known MS. of the sacred volume, and is supposed to date from the middle of the third century. It furnishes many fresh and valuable readings.

"The Gentleman's Magazine" for January contains a letter from Mr. J. H. Parker (President of the Oxford Architectural Society, and well known by various papers on Gothic Architecture), on the subject of the New Foreign Office. In it the writer, whilst advocating the adoption of a strictly English style in preference to the foreign style of Dr. Scott's exhibited design, calls attention to the superior value of the gothic of the Anglo-French provinces of the time of Henry II., and especially that of the Public Hospital at Angers, built by that monarch in 1177-84, as a model over any other foreign Gothic. The letter deserves consideration; and we agree with the writer that the admixture of a foreign element is not likely to be satisfactory to English eyes. But if the building is to be Gothic, there must be a considerable modification of any existing type to render it suitable for the purpose for which it is intended; and the matter will be best left entirely in the hands of the architect. Mr. Parker seems to take for granted that the building is to be constructed of moulded brick, but we fancy that point can hardly have been decided yet.

Mr. Samuel Weller Singer, a gentleman whose name has long been associated with reprints of our earlier authors, and with British bibliography generally, died on the 20th of December suddenly, but at the ripe age of seventy-five. Mr. Singer's "Researches into the History of Playing-Cards, with Illustrations of the Origin of Printing and Engraving on Wood," 4to. 1816, was a work of value in its day, but has been super-

seded by later works, especially those of Messrs. Chatto and Jackson. Mr. Singer will probably be longer remembered as the editor of Cavendish's "Life of Wolsey," Spence's "Anecdotes," Selden's "Table Talk," &c. He also edited the "Early English Poets," in eight volumes, 1817-24; the complete or separate works of other poets, and two editions of Shakspeare; but he hardly possessed the qualities of mind required for a successful editor of our great dramatist, though his extensive reading enabled him to supply some useful notes. Mr. Singer continued until within the last few months to be a frequent contributor to antiquarian journals.

Intelligence has been received from Dr. Livingstone up to the 4th October. Writing on that date, from the Kongone River, he reported that the members of the expedition had been favoured with fair health; their ailments were more like common colds than fever. Dr. Livingstone had been very warmly received by his former friends amongst the natives, and the Portuguese had rendered him active assistance.

Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson announce for sale next week a small but valuable collection of antiquities, including a number of very illuminated manuscripts and miniatures.

The Rev. J. Richardson, master of Appleby Grammar School, has translated the "Song of Solomon" into the Westmoreland dialect, for Prince Louis Lucien Bonaparte. This song, in the dialects of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Northumberland, is now in the press.

The Mayor of Salford has issued a public letter, requesting contributions towards the building fund of the "Working Men's College," established in that town about nine months ago. The College numbers one hundred and sixty regular students, who earn their daily bread at the loom, or the frame, or the engine. It is proposed to buy Oakfield, near the Peel Park, a capital mansion admirably adapted for the purpose, with 12,000 square yards of land; and the sum required in the first instance is 3300*l*.

The *Jewish Chronicle* says:—"Many of our readers, especially those interested in Hebrew literature, will recollect Rabbi Hirsch Edelman, who some years ago assiduously copied Hebrew manuscripts in the Bodleian library, and subsequently took his abode in London, where he published several works. Mr. Edelman afterwards went to Berlin, where he settled, but soon died, his intellectual powers having been previously greatly impaired. Family misfortunes are said to have brought on the catastrophe." The same respectable Journal, under the head of "How is it that Hebrew Writings are sometimes found buried in the Ground," has the following interesting paragraph:—"Some sensation has lately been created in the continental literary world by the unexpected reintegration of a Caraitic manuscript in the imperial library of St. Petersburg, originally coming from Cairo by some loose leaves, evidently belonging to the same volume, brought from the Crimea, whither they had been carried from Jerusalem, where they had been buried before. Dr. Tischendorf, who had procured the originally defective manuscript, in a letter to the imperial librarian, shares his astonishment at the extraordinary manner in which the missing leaves had been recovered. This functionary writes, 'What may have induced the Caraitic community at Jerusalem to bury some leaves of its manuscript, whilst the remainder wandered into Egypt, remains uncertain; that they should, however, meet again at St. Petersburg, was certainly not dreamt of by those who mutilated the manuscript.' The erudite Dr. Steinschneider, in noticing in the new number of his 'Hebräische Bibliographie' (Hammaskir) this correspondence, observes: 'To us the matter admits of a simple explanation, by supposing that the same leaves became accidentally loosened at the time that the manuscript wandered to Cairo, and consequently remained at Jerusalem. They were then, in consequence of the well-known veneration of Jews for the very fragments of Hebrew writings, on account of the name of God (Shemoth) which

they might contain, removed out of the way, in order to protect them from the profane use which is often made of waste paper. It is this veneration to which the discovery of several valuable ancient printed fragments is due. Books, however, were sometimes also buried from superstitious motives, as stated by Wagenseil (Sotah, 1180). With this custom may be compared that of the Turks, who consign the copies of the Koran executed by the sultans to the tombs in which the bodies are deposited. Hebrew works, however, were also buried in times of persecution, in order to save them from destruction. Thus the burial of books has sometimes preserved literary treasures, and at others robbed us of them."

THE "COSTELLO FABLE."

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—In a review of Mr. J. P. Muirhead's "Life of James Watt," in the LITERARY GAZETTE of the 4th inst., I observed a passage having reference to my sister, Miss Louisa Stuart Costello, from which it appeared that Mr. Muirhead had—to use your reviewer's word—"punished" her for having published a letter, in her "Summer amongst the Bocages and the Vines," purporting to have been written by Marion de L'Orme to the unfortunate Marquis de Cinq Mars, in which an account was given of the alleged discovery of steam by Solomon de Caus.

Desirous of ascertaining the nature of the "punishment" inflicted by Mr. Muirhead, I referred to his book; and finding that he wishes for "a public statement of the way in which she (Miss Costello) obtained the fabricated letter, and the grounds on which she relied in believing it to be genuine," I request permission, in my sister's absence from England, to offer, through your columns, as full an explanation as the circumstances admit of my giving.

In the year 1839, Miss Costello was travelling in the west of France, and amongst other works descriptive of the scenery through which she passed, she met with a small volume entitled, "Voyage Historique et Pittoresque de Rouen au Havre sur la Seine, en bateau à vapeur, par un Rouennais," published at Rouen (1838), by Edouard Frère, the well-known bookseller of that city. The second chapter of this volume, which is stated on a fly-leaf to have been principally taken from the writings of Th. Liéquet, whom the editor characterises as "cet estimable auteur, connu par plusieurs ouvrages relatifs à l'Histoire de Normandie," was devoted to the subject of steamboats; and there, at page 10, appeared the following note, introductory to the letter in question—"Nous consignons ici un document qui tendrait à établir en fait que la France a enfoncé dans les cabanons de Bièvre, il y a deux siècles, le secret immense qui, plus tard, a élevé l'Angleterre au degré de puissance et de fortune dont elle jouit de nos jours."

Struck by the picturesque account of Solomon de Caus, which was given in the letter, not critically noticing the date (1641), and deceived by its apparent authenticity, Miss Costello translated and transferred it to the work she was then writing (without the introductory remarks), solely for the purpose of illustrating a reference to the Château de Cinq Mars, within a few leagues of Tours, and not, as Mr. Muirhead would imply, with a view to detract from the merits of Watt as the real discoverer of steam—an implication simply absurd.

Mr. Muirhead devotes the greater part of the tenth chapter of his "Life of Watt" to the exposure of what he cautiously calls "The Costello Fable," which, he says, has imposed upon the world "for the long space of seventeen years." It is quite true that seventeen years (and more) have elapsed since the publication of the presumed letter of Marion de L'Orme in the "Summer amongst the Bocages and the Vines;" but it is equally true that in the spring of 1845, Miss Costello, being then in Paris, Mr. Muirhead commissioned his uncle, Mr. Campbell (who was previously acquainted with my sister), to call upon her and ask her for her authority for

publishing showed I have should be called explan thing m presum stated strength two year of the (London) head, w best res angry a have be In the excellen pleased, l'Orme, and it i that, O'Shan' wrath t tirade ments, what be than th detecti rest. Mr. "The axiom weapon unfair that he ("By words' breaki explain fourtee to who respect Wit letter, Ath The appea Govern elined send I had presen The have, imple remen doiric truly victo avoid not every differ consa fest accep been repr fight guar illu inst whi M. for M. his whi

publishing the letter. Miss Costello at once showed Mr. Campbell the volume to which I have referred, and at the same time stated that should another edition of the "Summer, &c.," be called for, she would then give the required explanation in a note to the letter. Hearing nothing more from Mr. Muirhead, Miss Costello presumed he was satisfied with what she had stated to his uncle, and this impression was strengthened by the fact that, in the year 1847, two years after the mission of Mr. Campbell, a copy of the "Correspondence of Watt on the Discovery of the Theory of the Composition of Water" (London, Murray, 1846), edited by Mr. Muirhead, was forwarded to her "with the editor's best respects,"—a singular tribute from one so angry and dissatisfied as Mr. Muirhead appears to have been.

In this work, which afforded Mr. Muirhead an excellent opportunity for animadverting, if he pleased, on the *soi-disant* letter of Marion de l'Orne, no allusion was made to the subject; and it is only now, after fourteen years' silence, that, Mr. Muirhead, who seems, like Tam O'Shanter's wife, to have been, "nursing his wrath to keep it warm," explodes with a violent tirade about "literary frauds," "forged documents," "fraudulent imposture," and I know not what beside, for no other purpose that I can conceive than that of vaunting his extraordinary acumen in detecting an error which had long been set at rest.

Mr. Muirhead prefaces his observations on "The Costello Fable" by laying it down as an axiom that, in all controversial matters, "no false weapons should be used, no foul blows dealt, nor unfair advantage taken." Is he quite satisfied that he escapes from "the defeat and ignominy" ("By my troth, Captain, these are very bitter words") which "deserve to be the result" of breaking these rules, when he purposely ignores an explanation of which he had been in possession for fourteen years, that explanation offered by a lady to whom, after it was made, he sends his "best respects?"

With many apologies for the length of this letter, I have the honour to be,

Sir, your very obedient servant,
DUDLEY COSTELLO.

Athenæum, Pall Mall, Dec. 27th, 1858.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 29th December.

THE intense interest which the Montalembert appeal and the Count's victory over the Imperial Government have excited, is unabated. I am inclined, at the risk of being a little late in date, to send you a few incidents of the hearing, at which I had the great good fortune (as I esteem it) to be present.

The *stance* may be divided into three. We have, first, the statement of the Appeal by the implacable Dufaure—"Durus et siccus?" I don't remember who said of Dufaure—"C'est la plaidoirie faite homme"—but whoever it was, said truly.

His main object was to show, which he did victoriously, why M. de Montalembert could not avoid making his appeal, why the "*grâce*" could not be accepted. He established in the face of every one the fact, that the so-called *grâce* (in that differing from an amnesty) destroyed none of the consequences of a condemnation. He made manifest the fact, that supposing his client to have accepted the proffered "pardon" he would have been ever after exposed to the liability of the repressive laws of last spring, and that he must fight to the last for his freedom, which, unless guaranteed to him by a legal decision, was an illusion, a thing he might be bereft of at any instant. After nearly an hour's speaking, during which every auditor hung breathless on his lips, M. Dufaure sat down, and the Court adjourned for half-an-hour.

M. Chaix d'Est Ange (Procureur Imperial) opened his speech by the freely given acquiescence in what M. Dufaure had said, touching the necessity

for an appeal on M. de Montalembert's part. To the surprise of every one, he admitted this—because it was impossible to avoid admitting it. And here began the embarrassing part of the position for the *ministère public*. How poor M. Chaix d'Est Ange floundered through it all, how he stumbled and broke down, and tried to patch parts of his discourse together which would not meet,—this none will ever conceive who were not yesterday at the *Cour d'Appel*. But, as in all such cases, where the matter of the case itself is hopeless, every argument the luckless Procureur Imperial laid hold of gave way under his hand, and furnished a fresh weapon to his future assailant, and this, he knew and felt, who knew and felt it too, was Berryer. He had so surely laid his hand on victory (at least as far as justice went) that he was restlessly impatient for the "start," as is a generous horse; and before Chaix d'Est Ange had seated himself, before his last word had died on his tongue, his adversary literally sprang up, and his first tone was involuntarily a trumpet blast of triumph. Chaix d'Est Ange may be used to these sort of fights, but he quailed yesterday before Berryer. The whole man shrank before his opponent, and the exterior transmission of fear by eye, by lip, by hand, all shaken, was distinctly apparent to all. The man was cowed, to use a common phrase. Well he might be! There is no speech that was ever made in which such vengeance was dealt an enemy as that dealt then by Berryer upon the Empire. Not one argument adduced by Chaix d'Est Ange but was an arm wherewith his adversary gave him a mortal thrust. "You talk of my client's changes of opinion," said Berryer. "Yes, men may sometimes alter their views; I understand it quite well. In the face of our discords, and under the influence of panic fear, I too can understand that those who so advocated liberty that they demanded the instant accusation of ministers who [they said had 'betrayed it' (alluding to Messrs. Baroche and Billault) should a few months later be the humblest servants of despotic power! I quite understand these changes; but I could better consent to them still, if they did not coincide with their perpetrator's advance upon the high road to power, to credit, and to fortune." I need not tell you the effect of such words.

"You reproach my client," said Berryer, "that his present friends were years ago not his friends. This is true! All of us who are here—Dufaure, and my client, and myself—we have had our dissensions in other days; but, rely upon it, we cannot bear to M. de Montalembert the ill-will for his former opposition to us, that you bear him for the terms of his adhesion to you!" And then, bounding forward, book in hand, he actually read out loud the words of that terrible speech of February, 1851, in which M. de Montalembert stood forward in the National Assembly and gave his reasons for believing in the honesty of the President of the Republic! The reasons (weak ones, alas!) of one honest man's, of one gentleman's belief in the impossible dishonesty and dishonour of another, whom he looks upon as animated by the same sentiments as himself. The entire career of Napoleon III. was dragged forth to the light, and the orator left no loophole to the intervention of the Bench. The judges were obliged to sit it all out.

Chaix d'Est Ange had thought it wise to read M. de Montalembert's letter to the Archbishop, in which he says he refuses all favour from the Imperial Court, and looks upon his condemnation as an honour, and of course he had thereupon indulged in no end of declamation. To this Berryer answered by saying others too had refused such "favours," and had looked on "condemnations" of higher tribunals as "an honour;" and then he read a letter written to himself by Prince Louis Bonaparte from Ham, and speaking in somewhat the same terms of his sentence, passed by the Chamber of Peers, and of a "*grâce*" possibly threatening him from Louis Philippe.

To such arguments as these what answer can be found? Silence is the best, the only reply or refuge; and accordingly the judges, who through-

out Berryer's speech looked as though they were the accused, lowered their eyes, if not their heads, and through their cheeks, that told no tale, it seemed to me as though I could see their minds blushing for the shame that was being heaped upon the master whom they serve.

But this was not all. Speaking of the mysterious lines in the *Moniteur*, announcing the "*grâce*," Berryer, after a pause of a second, during which he gathered himself up for the terrible blow he was about to deal, quietly said, "That anonymous writer in the *Moniteur* must have a low and poor estimate of serious things to have ventured upon so ill-timed, unfitting a jest, upon so ill-suited a comparison, as that instituted between this moment and that of the second of December. 'His must be a pitiful soul!' 'Il doit avoir une triste ame!' he concluded, letting his words drop slowly into the dead silence around, as though they were the sentence of history. This had an effect no words of mine can describe, and there was a solemnity about it that I never saw attained to upon any occasion of this kind.

Now, the few phrases I have quoted for you from memory, serve only to show what was the general tendency, and what the daring of Berryer's speech from beginning to end. When in the face of this you put the modification of the sentence, you will perceive that no slight victory has really been won.

The change in the directorship of the Vaudeville, right in the middle of a great success, has given rise here to so much talk and to so many different stories, that the real version of the matter being a truly comical one, I will give your readers the benefit of it.

Amongst the *nouveaux riches* who have started into notoriety within the last four or five years, there is one whose name I need not give you, and whose peculiar hobby is not half so much money-making as play-writing. Like the President of the Senate, M. Troplong, who is more anxious to be thought a musical connoisseur than a clever jurist-consult, or like Nero, who was "sorry for himself," rather as an artist than as an emperor (*qualis artifex pereo!*), the Cressus I allude to would give all his millions to be thought a rival in talent to Alexander Dumas fils, or Emile Augier. A year or two ago, he believed he had found what he wanted, namely, a complaisant impresario. He had found a man of considerable judgment and ability, who was somewhat in want of money. Two hundred thousand francs were put into his hands, and the new director did more wonders in his new government than even our old friend Sancho Panza in his blessed isle. Still, notwithstanding all the triumphs of this piece or that, the original loan was not paid off. At last, the lender most generously offered to let that part of the business lie over, upon the condition that his creditor should put into his hands, then and there, a resignation of his directorial functions, addressed to the Minister. So said so done; but then, says the *millionaire*, "Play my plays!" and report whispers, that of these there are several, each less attractive than the other. The director expresses himself quite ready to play his patron's dramatic works, but he contrives to invent cause after cause of delay, and time glides on without the said "plays" being played. A great success comes, the original heavy debt is discharged, and although his resignation is yet in the hands of his benefactor, the lucky director begins to think fortune so favourable to him, that he casts about for a means of escaping the performance of Cressus's comedies. He finds it. And one day, when the latter calls to see how affairs are progressing, he finds the manager of the theatre ready to tear his hair, and, with signs of frantic grief, railing against *La Censure*, and deploring the fact of living under a despotic power. "There!" he cries, addressing his visitor. "There! see what they are capable of! Look at that roll of papers! Unfold it! Read! Your piece is declared immoral, unfit for representation," etc., etc! and, putting the papers into the *millionaire's* hands, he again indulged in bitter invectives against the Censors.

Of a truth, there it was, the report of the Ministerial *employé*, proving that respect for the public, and the interest of morality, forbade the performance of the drama under consideration. It was now the turn of the author to be philosophical, and to console with the director, which he did; and, when he took his leave, the Sultan of the Couliasse rubbed his hands and chuckled over the entire success of his scheme. A short time after this incident, the victim of administrative severity met at dinner the very gentleman whose official virtue had pronounced itself scandalised by M.—'s comedy. A conversation took place, whereof the rigours of the Censure formed the principal theme. "You are really absurdly severe sometimes," was the remark of the would-be dramatic author, "and you will end by raising up against you every director of every theatre in France!" The person thus addressed smiled, and at last, turning to his adversary, "the directors you commiserate," said he, "are sometimes more satisfied than you imagine with our decisions, and I could tell you of a case that occurred not a fortnight since, in which I had occasion by what you term my ill-advised 'severity' to do a great service to a manager, and deliver him from the importunities of a stupid fellow, who bothered him intolerably to get his stupid plays performed." Cressus picked up his ears: "Who was the manager?" he asked, with apparent carelessness. The name was mentioned. "Who was the author?" was the second question. "I do not know," was the reply. "I was not told; but it was some one whom nobody ever heard of; some one who bothered my friend out of his life, and whom he did not know how to get rid of. You see, therefore, that in this instance I have rendered a great service to a director instead of giving him cause to complain." "And you were requested by the director to render him this service!" continued the questioner. "Most earnestly," was the answer.

The next morning the minister received the resignation of the functionary, whose plots were thus discovered, but who was the last to know he had resigned his post. He woke like the cobbler of the "Arabian Nights," to find himself no longer Caliph of Bagdad.

Cressus, however, the first moment of indignation past, behaved to his unworthy *protégé* in a very generous way, giving him a very large indemnity, and leaving him but small cause to regret his retirement from the world of "flap" and foot-lamps. As usual the public alone gets the worst of it, for now the *millionaire's* plays will be performed.

A kind of success has been achieved at the Gymnase within these few days. *Cendrillon* is a five-act piece by the famous author of the *Hauts Bonshommes*, by M. Barrière. The interpretation of the title is a new one; *Cinderella* does not, like her homonym of the fairy tale, go about with slipshod shoes or ragged gowns, or sit moping in the ashes; she is as well dressed as her elder sister, and life is as warm and comfortable to her, only she is an exile from her mother's heart, who adores *Mlle. Blanche*, and cares little or nothing for *Mlle. Marie*. Of course, there is the amount of "love and murder" that is usual in French dramas, and of course all comes right in the end, and everybody marries everybody, as in the best of good old times; but the turning point of the whole is the re-conquest of the maternal affections achieved by *Cendrillon*. In the fifth act, to be just, the credit of the whole is due to a little actress who is a novelty here just now, and who is likely, I think, one day to be a star. This little girl's name is *Mlle. Victoria*, and she is not more than sixteen. Her history is a strange one. She is a foundling. Some sixteen years ago, a man of the name of Valons, in Lyons, found at his door, one fine night, a little cradle, and in the cradle a new-born baby. He and his wife were childless; they adopted the little creature, and brought it up for the stage. At twelve years old she came out upon an amateur stage at Lyons, and though so young, had a *grand succès*. Since then she has played in the provinces, where M. Montigny, the Director of the

Gymnase, found her, and whence he transplanted her to Paris. This girl is full of intelligence, and the way in which she has conceived and in which she plays her rôle of *Cinderella*, in M. Barrière's new piece, prove her to be very far above the ordinary run of *débütantes*.

You are perhaps not aware that you too share with the *Times*, and other London journals, the honour of being visited just now with the extreme weight of the imperial displeasure. Your last number has been laid under interdict, and the unlucky individuals who ask for it here are "advised," as commercial communications say, that it is not allowed to enter the territory of this happy land, but is voted "dangerous," "seditious," and what not!

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF THE WEEK.

TUESDAY, JAN. 4, 1889.—*Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor Faraday on "Metalline Properties: Strength, Welding, Magnetism, &c."—*London and Middlesex Archaeological Society*, 4 P.M. Council Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 5.—*Royal Society of Literature*, 8.30 P.M.—*Geological Society*, 5 P.M.

THURSDAY, JAN. 6.—*The Royal Society*, 8.30 P.M. Mr. Cayley, "A Sixth Memoir on Quantics." Rev. S. Earnshaw, on "The Mathematical Theory of Sound." Dr. Hofmann, "Researches on the Phosphorus Bases," Part III.: Phosphoreted Ureas; and Contributions towards the History of the Monamines."—*Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor Faraday on "Metalline Properties: Three States, Alloys, &c."—*Zoological Society*, 3 P.M. General Business.

FRIDAY, JAN. 7.—*Archæological Institute of Great Britain and Ireland*, 4 P.M.

SATURDAY, JAN. 8.—*Royal Institution*, 3 P.M. Professor Faraday on "Metalline Properties: Voltaic Battery, &c."—*Royal Asiatic Society*, 2 P.M.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Dec. 15. A Paper was read by Mr. E. J. Reed "On the Modifications which the Ships of the Royal Navy have undergone during the present century, in respect of Dimensions, Form, Means of Propulsion, and Powers of Attack and Defence." Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.G.B., M.P., presided. Mr. Reed began by observing that the science of naval architecture was so greatly advanced on the Continent, and so much neglected in England, during the last century, that the forms, dimensions, and speed of the ships of the British navy were, for the most part, inferior to those of every other nation with which they had to cope, the tendency then being greatly to overburden vessels. The author touched upon the source of some of our naval disasters during the American War, and then passed to the improvement in construction introduced by Sir Robert Seppings, whom he thought deserving of much credit. The unfavourable influence exercised, in Mr. Reed's opinion, by Sir William Symonds, while Surveyor of the Navy, was then pointed out; his opposition to the use of the screw-propeller, now so universally adopted, having considerably retarded our naval progress. The author passed on to describe the state of the navy during the late Russian war, and maintained that the spectacle of one Russian fleet sunk by Russian hands at Sebastopol, and of another trembling behind stone fortresses in the shallow waters of Cronstadt, was one of the record of which we certainly might read without shame. He then gave a rapid review of the present state of the navy, and expressed his opinion that floating batteries had met with undeserved condemnation. The subject of the steam ram, which had attracted considerable attention, was then discussed, the author's opinion being that it would be found to be so unwieldy in its character, that ships would have no difficulty in avoiding collision with it. In conclusion, Mr. Reed maintained that while it must be allowed that considerable improvements might be made in the construction of our ships, yet that such alterations would prove enormously expensive, besides being of very questionable policy; for by eagerly arming ourselves with all the warlike agencies which science could suggest, we might make our navy most terrible, but we should at the same time, by the very preponderance of our might, compel all other powers, secretly at least, to make common cause against us. On the

other hand, if we contented ourselves with vigilantly observing the changes which other powers made, and adopted only such improvements as were necessary to keep alive that wholesome respect which all nations have for us, we should neither encourage ambitious powers by our weakness, nor alarm timid powers by our strength, but should continue to stand a solid and impregnable bulwark, in the shelter of which men might powerfully work out their highest and noblest destinies. A discussion ensued in which Mr. Macintosh, Admiral Sir George Sartorius, Mr. W. Hume, Gen. Sir Charles Shaw, Mr. James Nasmyth, Captain Fishbourne, the Chairman, and others took part.

NUMISMATIC SOCIETY.—Thursday, Dec. 23. W. S. W. Vaux, President, in the chair.—Mr. Vaux read a paper on "Coins of Marathus in Phœnicia, and of Kamnasciris and Anzaze," in which he pointed out the extreme rarity of these specimens, which had been acquired at a recent sale for the National Collection of the British Museum. The principal coin of Marathus is a silver tetradrachm, in fine workmanship, exhibiting on the obverse a female head with the usual Syrian turreted head-dress, and on the reverse a naked male figure seated upon shields, with a Phœnician inscription to the effect that this coin was struck in the thirty-third year. Mr. Vaux gave a list of all the coins of Marathus he had seen, or found described in different collections, bearing dates varying from 14 to 107, and suggested that the whole of these dates might refer either to the Seleucidan era, or (in the case of the smaller numbers) to the regnal year of one of the Seleucidan princes. The other coin of Marathus (a hemi-drachm) was chiefly remarkable for exhibiting a veiled female head—doubtless a portrait—and considered by some to represent that of one of the Berenices. Mr. Vaux showed that this hypothesis was, to say the least, improbable, but that it might refer, possibly, to Apame, the wife of Seleucus, the founder of the Syrian dynasty. The coins of Kamnasciris and Anzaze are chiefly notable for the very fine preservation of their obverses; in other respects they are similar to two specimens procured by Mr. Vaux three years since from Hamadan in Persia.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—December 6th, Dr. J. E. Gray, F.R.S., President, in the chair.—Mr. F. Bond exhibited a remarkable monstrosity of the Death's Head moth, in which the wings of the right side were deformed, and the veins considerably displaced; also a specimen of *Mythimna turca*, set upside down, in order to display the remarkable structure of the legs of the male. Mr. S. Stevens exhibited a variety of rare Coleoptera and Lepidoptera, recently received from Mr. Foxcroft, who had collected them at Sierra Leone; likewise a number of minute and very interesting Coleoptera, captured by Mr. Wallace, in Celebes, including numerous species of Staphylinidae, which Mr. Wallace stated were as abundant in Celebes as in England. Mr. Wallace exhibited various rare Lepidoptera, recently taken by himself, including the new *Laphygma exigua*, which flies to the light at night, and runs about rapidly in the same manner as *Micra ostrina*, *Catephia alchymista*, a species new to the British fauna, taken in the Isle of Wight, in September; *Acontia luctuosa*, three species of *Nola*, together with *N. cantonalis*, new to England, taken in the Isle of Wight in the first week of July. Mr. F. Smith exhibited some curious fossils, found on the leaves of beech, which Mr. F. Walker had identified with some recently found by Dr. Ezra Downes, at Fontainebleau, and which had not previously been known as British; also specimens of the works of *Ponera contracta*, a very rare British ant, which he had found running about very actively in a bakehouse. Mr. Westwood exhibited a specimen of the large Indian *Solfuga*, a very ravenous species of spider, communicated by Mr. Albert Waghorn, who stated that it had devoured seven wasps in one night; he also exhibited a minute Lepidopterous larva, which had done much injury in the library of a friend, by gnawing the leather binding of the

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READERS need other which the edited gentleman have tion of h journal du title of "C" having, in official in letters of and diplo Charles h State Pap subjecting have had of miscell volume h gathering archives r sought or carefully y The per from the entered i 'Hunting a chain of —down to include, t tion with painter from, to, more inst either as not be ex Paper Off respecti light of best effor Mr. Saini interesti great Fle dates; a sequence the filling supply s portant c the reign Ruben Dutch, a His lett these lar as they e are giver being pr And thi the Eng

books. Mr. Stainton suggested that it was most probably *Eudrossis fenestrella*, one of the domestic species of Tineide. Specimens of the jumping seeds, from Mexico, were also exhibited. Mr. G. R. Waterhouse read a memoir on the identification of the British species of the Elateride, from the Stephensean Collection in the British Museum. Mr. Stainton read descriptions of twenty-five species of Indian Micro-Lepidoptera, reared by Mr. Atkinson, two of which would require the establishment of new genera for their reception. A letter from Mr. Bates was read, containing notes on the habits of Australian Coleoptera, and describing a remarkable instance of the destruction of myriads of insects of different kinds, which were found dead or dying after a storm on the borders of a lake, and which, when covered with repeated layers of sand, would possibly hereafter afford a similar instance to the deposits of insects in the lias and other formations, which have so much attracted the notice of geologists.

FINE ARTS.

Original Unpublished Papers illustrative of the Life of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, as an Artist and a Diplomatist. Preserved in H.M. State Paper Office. With an Appendix of Documents, &c. Collected and Edited by W. Noël Sainsbury, of H.M. State Paper Office. (Bradbury & Evans.)

READERS of the LITERARY GAZETTE will hardly need other warrant for the care and ability with which the papers in this volume have been collected and edited, than the information that it is to the gentleman whose name is on the title-page that they have been indebted for the remarkable collection of historical documents published in this journal during the past six months, under the title of "Our State Paper Office." Mr. Sainsbury, having, in the course of his official and extra-official investigations observed that the private letters of several of the more eminent politicians and diplomatists of the reigns of James and Charles had "frequently found their way into the State Paper Office," appears to have resolved on subjecting them to a searching examination. We have had in the LITERARY GAZETTE a rich sheaf of miscellaneous gleanings. In the handsome volume before us we have a more systematic gathering,—everything contained in our national archives relating to Rubens having been diligently sought out, and its special and relative value carefully noted.

The period embraced in these papers extends from the year 1616,—when Sir Dudley Carleton entered into a negotiation with Rubens for a 'Hunting Piece,' painted by him, in exchange for a chain of diamonds belonging to Lady Carleton,—down to the great painter's death. The papers include, therefore, the entire period of his connection with England, whether as diplomatist or painter. They consist of formal official notes from, to, and about him, as well as less formal but more instructive private letters, in which he figures either as writer or subject. And although it could not be expected that a search in the English State Paper Office could exhume any material discovery respecting one who lived so entirely in the broad light of day, and whose life has exercised the best efforts of so many laborious biographers; yet Mr. Sainsbury has certainly been able to add some interesting particulars to the biography of the great Fleming, to fix with more precision certain dates; and, what is to us perhaps of more consequence than even the rectification of dates, or the filling-up of lacunæ in the life of Rubens, to supply some valuable information for that important chapter in the history of Art in England, the reign of Charles I.

Rubens wrote in Latin, Italian, French, and Dutch, and seemingly with equal fluency in each. His letters in the State Paper Office are in all these languages, and they are here printed exactly as they occur; but English translations of them are given in the body of the book, the originals being printed in a smaller type in the Appendix. And this is the plan followed throughout. All the English letters are printed exactly as in the

original text—orthography, contractions, and all other peculiarities being retained—and strictly literal translations of the foreign letters and documents are given in the order of date, with the originals in the Appendix. Introductory, biographical, and explanatory notes—always brief, to the point, and sufficient—enable even the reader who is not conversant with the Art-history or general literature of the time to follow the sequence of events without difficulty, and to enjoy what he is reading with very little effort on his part.

The persons who principally figure along with Rubens in these papers are Sir Dudley Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, and Sir Balthazar Gerbier, with both of whom the readers of the LITERARY GAZETTE have been rendered tolerably familiar. Sir Dudley Carleton, who opens the Rubens correspondence, was one of the chief contributors to the passion for collecting works of Art then fast spreading in England. He had been ambassador for five years at Venice, where he had found a fine collection of works of Art; but he had there not merely gratified his inclination by purchasing pictures and statues, and assisting others engaged in the same costly pursuit, but had diligently cultivated his taste. He writes always like an accomplished connoisseur, and he was evidently looked up to by his countrymen as an authority on works of Art. At the time we here first meet with him he is ambassador at the Hague. He does not succeed in obtaining from Rubens the Hunting Piece he desires in exchange for his wife's diamond chain; for the artist will have nothing to do with the trinket, except at the price at which the goldsmiths value it, which is far below that which Rubens has set on his picture, and the demands of Rubens are, as Carleton's agent in the negotiation, Sir Toby Matthew, tells him, "like the laws of the Medes and Persians which may not be altered." The Hunting Piece which Carleton was so anxious to procure, was purchased, whilst Carleton was hesitating, by the Prince of Bavaria, and is now in the Royal collection at Munich; and we here have at the outset an instance of the prices Rubens used to obtain. The picture was "18 foot long, and between 11 and 12 foot high," the unalterable price the "prince of paynters," as Carleton calls him, demanded for it was 100*l*. sterling. Carleton however obtained for his chain—"never valued here (Antwerp) above 44*l*. sterling"—a duplicate of the Hunting Piece, but smaller in size (11 feet by 8); and for the additional sum he had sent to his agent he acquired "a Basket full of Flowers," painted for him by the elder Breughel, 14*l*., and other pictures by the Snijders, 12*l*., and Sebastian Vrancx, 10*l*.. The acquaintance thus originated between the painter and the diplomatist was not suffered to drop, and was the first of a chain of events of no little importance in the history of the former. There can be little doubt that to it may be traced the germ of the artist's diplomatic career.

The second stage of the correspondence opens a new negotiation. Rubens "having heard from many persons of the rarity of the antiques" which the ambassador has collected together, and "your excellency having expressed to Mr. Gage that you would determine on making some exchange with me of those marbles for pictures by my hand, I, as being fond of antiques, would readily be disposed to accept any reasonable offer, should your excellency continue in the same mind." His excellency continuing still inclined, Rubens sends him a list of his works at present on his hands, "the very flower of my pictorial stock," with their sizes and prices affixed, and is ready "wholly to confide on the knightly word" of Carleton as to the prices to be placed on the marbles. After some little correspondence the transfer is made to the satisfaction of both parties, Rubens receiving the antiques, Carleton eight or nine pictures, wholly by Rubens' own hand, some tapestries, and 2000 florins in money, and the painter offering his portrait in exchange for that of the ambassador.

Carleton now acts as friend to Lord Danvers, in the purchase of a picture by Rubens, and of

another for the Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles I. The Prince's picture turns out, however, not to have been painted entirely by the master, and Carleton is informed that the prince will not admit it into his gallery, though he is very desirous to have another picture from Rubens' pencil, the only work by him which he possesses, being his 'Judith and Holofernes.' Rubens, though evidently mortified, expresses his readiness to "paint another Hunting Piece less terrible than that of the 'Lions,' and the new picture entirely of my own hand, without admixture of the work of any one else," and assures his correspondent that he will do his best to make it worthy of a place so eminent as the gallery of the prince. But the letter is peculiarly valuable for the emphatic expression of the great painter's opinion on the importance of size in pictures of the kind under discussion, and of his own "endowments" that way. He writes:

"As you truly say such subjects are more agreeable and have more vehemence in a large than in a small picture. I should very much like the picture for H.R.H. the Prince of Wales to be of the largest proportions, because the size of the picture gives us painters more courage to represent our ideas with the utmost freedom and semblance of reality. . . . As to his Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, I shall always be very pleased to receive the honour of their commands, and with respect to the *Hall in the New Palace*, I confess myself to be, by a natural instinct, better fitted to execute works of the largest size, rather than little curiosities. Every one according to his gifts. My endowments are of such a nature that I have never wanted courage to undertake any design, however vast in size or diversified in subject."

The hall of the new palace here mentioned no doubt, as Mr. Sainsbury suggests, the new Banqueting House at Whitehall, then building, though it was not till 1629 (this letter was written in 1621) that he received the commission to paint the decorations of the hall. Meantime other matters had occurred to alter greatly the relations in which he stood with respect to the English court, and indeed with society generally. He had received a commission from the Queen Mother of France, and her son Louis XIII., to paint a grand series of twenty-one pictures for the grand gallery in the Luxembourg palace. Whilst in Paris, executing the commission, he formed the acquaintance of the Duke of Buckingham, whose portrait he painted. In 1625 the Duke was sent to negotiate, in conjunction with Carleton, a peace with the United Provinces, and whilst at Antwerp saw and longed for the magnificent collection of pictures, antique statues, gems, &c., belonging to the painter. Rubens for some time resisted the persuasions of the duke, but at length agreed to let him have the collection for 100,000 florins, "on condition that the purchaser should, at his own expense, leave casts of all the finest statues, busts, and bas-reliefs;" and the greater part (Mr. Sainsbury thinks not the whole) of the collection was sent to England—to be returned to Antwerp for sale previous to the sequestration of the Buckingham estates in 1649.

The acquaintance thus formed with the royal favourite is believed to have been a main inducement with the Infanta Isabella (who had, however, previously often had recourse to him for advice in political matters), to employ Rubens in negotiating for a general suspension of arms between England and Spain and the other belligerent powers. Curiously enough, the agent selected by the Duke of Buckingham to conduct the negotiation on the part of England was also a painter—Balthazar Gerbier; who, however, had by this time quitted the professional use of the pencil. The correspondence between the painter-diplomatist, prolonged over three or four years through the ill-feeling and bad faith of the ministers who then swayed the destinies of England and Spain, is here given at full length, and has its particular interest and value. All we can here do is to allude to it, and pass on, with the remark that though only as it were amateurs of the diplomatic craft the two painters evince all the skill

and subtlety of practised envoys. The superiority in tone however is undoubtedly with the Spanish agent. The English one perhaps may be reckoned the more subtle—neither however it will be remembered was a native of the country he represented. The correspondence is a friendly one on both sides, and carried on with much appearance of candour, but it illustrates the value of diplomatic candour and friendliness much, we suspect, as such correspondences commonly would, if the secret portion were made public. "I beg of you to burn this letter, for it might ruin me with my master," writes Rubens in a postscript to a confidential note: of course Gerbier sent it off immediately to his master, and it is now in the English State Paper Office. Another time Gerbier writes directly to Charles I., that Rubens has entrusted him with a secret that the Queen-Mother is about to visit England—and he says (surely it is a curious confidence to impart to so religious a king): "Although the Sieur Rubens bound me to secrecy by oath, which would have very much troubled me but for this outlet, that I did not promise him not to write about it to your Majesty." It is really a pity we have not a copy of his Majesty's reply: it would be worth while to know what he said to so pretty a bit of casuistry.

Rubens came to England, in his capacity of envoy, towards the end of May, 1629. His coming was announced by a Scottish agent of Charles in a letter, the commencement of which is worth quoting, as a specimen of the Scotch-English of that day:—"Pleis Mons. Reubines is heir at Dunquerque, and attendis for ane schip of sum force to bring him from hence to Ingland, for his order is not to hazard his commission nor his messives, except that it be in ane schip of Ingland, for hie is mychtillie affrayit of the Hollanders, and except ane schip cum to resave him heir hie is of intencion to retoune abak, hie only dois expect heir for ane resolute answer." The king himself sent the resolute answer, accompanied by a ship of force, and Rubens made a good voyage.

The documents in the State Paper Office afford few particulars concerning his stay in England, which lasted about ten months; but Mr. Sainsbury has diligently pieced together whatever information is obtainable. In one particular, however, we fancy he has hardly been so cautious as usual. He relates in his preface a remarkable danger which befel the painter-diplomatist within a month after his arrival in England, by the overturning of his boat in shooting London Bridge on his way to Greenwich; when his chaplain was drowned, and others of the company were saved with great difficulty. "What a happy escape," he exclaims, "for the great artist!" But, on turning to the letter, the only authority, as far as we can see, on which Mr. Sainsbury grounds his conclusion, we are unable to satisfy ourselves that Rubens was present. We give the passage, that the reader may judge for himself; it is a part of a letter from Dudley Carleton (now Lord Dorchester) to Sir Isaac Wake. After mentioning the expected arrival of the Spanish Ambassador, he says: "Meanwhile Rubens stays here likewise, and Cize [agent of the Prince of Piedmont] makes no haste away, who had good luck to stay behind Barozzi [the Duke of Savoy's secretary] on Tuesday last, when in shooting London Bridge, he had his boat overturned by the frightful stirring of one of his company, a churchman, as then employed to Rubens from Brussels; whom Barozzi was conducting to Greenwich, and was there drowned. Barozzi himself being hardly saved, at his third and last coming up to the top of the water, by one of his spurs. Your acquaintance, little Oliver, who was one of that company, went up and down like a divedapper, and at length was taken up near the Tower." This is all we can find on the subject: the boat was Barozzi's, and had Rubens been in it, Lord Dorchester would assuredly have made some distinct reference to him.

Whilst in England Rubens, notwithstanding his official position, painted many pictures, among others, one as a present to the king, the

'Peace and War—an Allegory,' which is now in the National Gallery. He now also received a definite commission for painting the ceiling at Whitehall, but the pictures were not executed till his return to Antwerp. Charles treated the painter with marked distinction. He was lodged at the royal cost in the house of his old friend and correspondent Gerbier; and when taking his audience of leave, the king conferred on him, as is well known, the order of knighthood; at the same time, as appears from a list of knights, in the State Paper Office, the king "presented him with the sword enriched with diamonds, which was used on the occasion, adding to the arms of the new knight on a canton *gules, a lion or.*" Mr. Sainsbury has with his usual diligence procured from the Herald's Office, Brussels, a certified emblazoning of the knight's arms, as a frontispiece for his book. The story, that Charles took a diamond hat-band, worth 10,000 crowns, from his hat, and gave it to Rubens, is so far modified by Mr. Sainsbury's researches, that the act was not done on the spur of the moment, Charles having previously purchased the hat-band and a ring from Gerbier, for 500*l.*, in order to give it to Rubens—not a little to Gerbier's grief, who exclaims in a piteous letter, partly in cypher, "God knows when Gerbier will be paid; as also for the charges of ten months' entertainment for Rubens." He did, however, get paid for both, and promptly. The continuance of Charles's regard for the painter, and the opinion which must have been formed of his business talent, are shown by the curious circumstance, brought to light by Mr. Sainsbury, that some two years later, a royal agent was sent to offer Rubens a pension, if he would remove to Brussels and act as the political agent of the English government there.

As soon as he returned to Antwerp, Rubens set about painting the pictures for Whitehall, and with his own swift execution, and, as is believed, the help of Jordaens, soon finished them. No money, however, came for them, and Rubens rolled them up and laid them aside—very much to the mortification of Gerbier (who had returned to Brussels), who writes direct to the king, as well as to the great men about the court, of the scandal caused by their lying there, "as if for want of money: Spaniards, French, and other nations," he tells the king, "talk of it." But the king is fain to let them talk: he has jewels at pawn at the Hague, and his resident there (as Mr. Sainsbury shows) is just now writing that the parties who hold them have notified by public notary, that unless they be redeemed and the interest paid, the jewels will be "put to real and public sale." However, some money was after a while furnished, and in September, 1635—thirteen months after they were finished—the pictures were despatched to England. The last 300*l.* of the money (3000*l.* in all) was not paid till November, 1637. In 1640 we find by these papers Gerbier was in treaty with Rubens for painting the ceiling of the Queen's cabinet at Greenwich, but the negotiation was cut short by the death of the great painter.

We have indicated something of the nature of the documents here brought to light respecting the later years of the great Flemish painter. But we have only mentioned a few of them, and given we fear a very inadequate notion of their value, while we have left unnoticed those which refer to other subjects. It must here suffice to mention that there are papers of much interest relating to the purchase of the great Mantuan collection; the formation of the famous Arundel collection; to Mytens, Gentilisci, and other painters employed by Charles; and generally to art-matters connected with the court. Possibly we may return to the book for the sake of extracting a few notes on some of these matters. Meanwhile, we must express our strong sense of the worth of the book, and of the learning, industry, and scrupulous care which has been exerted in every part of it. The work is one of permanent value; interesting, as illustrative of the time to which it refers, and important as a store-house of materials for the future biographer of Rubens, and the historian of Art in England.

THE DRAMA AND MUSIC.

THE season of pantomime, burlesque, and all such Thespian saturnalia, *par excellence*, has developed a degree of activity in the theatrical world which has been rarely equalled. No fewer than eight theatres have thrown open their doors, in the central region of London, to the lovers of Christmas mummery; and if we add the theatres of the far east, north, and transpontine districts, the list will be lengthened by six more. Clowns, pantaloons, harlequins, columbines, and sprites are therefore nightly hopping, skipping, and grimacing over some acres of scenic boards, thick and active as locusts. To pass such an army in review is a formidable task, and can only be accomplished within reasonable limits by causing it to "march past" at double quick pace. Covent Garden must be allowed precedence by virtue of its aristocratic rank, and as a courtesy to the newest member in the fraternity of winter theatres. *Little Red Riding Hood*; or, *Harlequin and the Wolf in Granny's Clothing*, is the title of the pantomime put forth by the Pyne and Harrison management. The authors of the opening, Messrs. J. V. Bridgeman and Sutherland Edwards, have been mindful of the special circumstances under which the rude revelry of old England intrudes within the precincts of Italian song: a sort of prologue ushers in their version of the nursery tale, in which Italian Opera, the Genius of Music, English Opera, and Pantomime, are interlocutors. The compact between Italian and English Opera, whereby the former cedes her quarters to the latter during the winter months, is effected by the respective parties, and Pantomime claiming to be included in the treaty, is, after some objection on the score of her vulgarity, at length accepted. The authors have leaned rather towards the epigrammatic smartness proper to burlesque, than the purely practical extravagance which befits pantomime. When we say, however, that Mr. W. H. Payne personates a wicked baron who, by fairy power, assumes of an evening the form of a wolf—the identical quadruped whom little Red Riding Hood meets "*per misericordiam*," it will be seen that the latter element is not altogether deficient. This admirable artist, who has long been without a rival in the mingled breadth and finesse of his miming, finds an excellent field for his talents in the reprobate aristocrat who plots the destruction of the innocent *chaperon rouge*, and actually effects that of her "granny" by immersion in a waterbutt. As Mr. Payne reigns supreme in the opening, so in the harlequinade does Mr. Flexmore shine pre-eminently. Mr. Barnes as *Pantaloon*, and Mr. H. Payne as *Harlequin*, mated with an unexceptionable *Columbine* in Miss Clara Morgan, were worthy adjuncts of the most popular and *spiritual* clown of the day.

Drury Lane, since it has been in the hands of the present lessee, has acquired a merited celebrity for its Christmas fare. Mr. E. T. Smith nurses up all his resources for a great winter campaign, and with a lieutenant capable of accomplishing such feats of pictorial engineering as Mr. W. R. Beverley, he takes the field with immeasurable advantage. As though at a loss how to counterbalance the towering supremacy thus given to one department, he rushes into the wild expedient of doubling each character of the pantomimic *dramatis personæ*. Two clowns, two harlequins, two columbines, have rather a bewildering than imposing effect, and beheld after a festive meal, such as the season ordains, is apt to lead to some secret self-accusations. Mr. E. L. Blanchard is a master, and has been for now some score of years, of the good old-fashioned English pantomime, and ever bears in mind that children, whether of small or larger growth, are to be his audience. Robin Hood, the subject of his present production, is congenial ground for such a spirit. The chief adventures of the bold outlaw are set forth; more particularly the famous exploit with the sheriff of Nottingham. The numerous and motley group of associates with whom Robin loved to surround himself, Little John—a portly giant

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of many cubits in stature, the jolly Friar, Maid Marian, Will Scarlet—(scarlet to the letter), &c., appear upon the scene, and though somewhat long, the deeds of the merry crew, interspersed with dances, old English festive games, &c., never become tedious. To surpass the marvellous transformation scene in which last year Mr. Beverley reached the zenith of his achievements, in representing the fantastic realms of Fairyland is impossible; to sustain himself at the same dazzling height is sufficiently arduous; and this Mr. Beverley does in the scene of the Fairies' retreat.

Of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, who commenced their engagement at this house with the farce of *Latest from New York*, braving the riotous inattention of a boxing-night audience to all that precedes the pantomime, nothing need be said for the present.

At the Princess's, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean obtained under similar circumstances more respectful listeners to the squabbles of *Mr. and Mrs. Oakley* in the *Jealous Wife*. The well-maintained reputation of this house for both fun and scenic show in the pantomime, is perhaps not quite so fairly continued in this year's production as might be desired; the faulty point, however, be it distinctly understood, is solely in the deficiency of humour and interest of the opening. *The King of the Castle*; or, *Harlequin Prince Diamond* and the *Princess Brighteyes*, is founded on no known tale or legend, and owes its plot to the invention of the author, Alfred Crowquill. It is too meagre and devoid of mark to deserve further notice than that it affords opportunities for the display here and there of some very pretty and effective scenery, among which may be especially cited a certain cavern of native gems, into which the persecuted lovers, *Princess Brighteyes* and *Prince Diamond*, take refuge. Its mouth opens upon the waters of a lake, over whose surface presently appear floating six huge jewels, each surmounted by an Amazon, whose costume follows suit with the tint of the precious stone. The glorious blaze of light that seemed to issue from the crystal core of each gem, was dazzlingly piercing, and each in succession was hailed by the audience with especial marks of delight. A magnificent transformation scene, uniting splendour and simplicity, is another feature; but its full merits could not be fully appreciated through some hitch in the working of the machinery. The harlequinade is not above the ordinary level; the tricks are however neat, and the successive scenes offer ample opportunities for the agility and other active qualities of Mr. Cormack, the *Harlequin*, Miss Adams, his *Columbine*, and Mr. Huline, the *Clown*, who, in gymnastic feats, if not in humour, is inferior to none of his class.

The lessee of the Haymarket is as usual the author of his own pantomime, or at least of the introduction thereto. Lamotte Fouqué's poetical tale of "Undine" is the subject selected this year. The choice is a happy one, but would have better suited the purposes of burlesque. The original legend is strictly followed, and the result is rather graceful than comic. Miss Louise Leclercq is the representative of Undine, and clothes the water spirit with a multitude of mortal charms. The subject is one which of course affords ample opportunities to the fancy and skill of the painter, and Mr. Fenton has successfully portrayed the marvels and beauties of the ocean depths, from the seaweed cavern on which the curtain rises to the "Translucent Temple of the White Sea Horses," which immediately precedes the frolics of *Clown* and *Pantaloon*. In the latter portion there are some effective illustrations of current topics: the Queen's recent accession to the empire of Hindostan gives occasion for the introduction of a grand scene, representing the "Palace in Delhi, and allegorical inauguration of the British empire in India;" while the laying of the Atlantic telegraph from Valencia Bay is celebrated by a duet between the *Clown* and a Cod fish, to the tune of Hoop-de-dooden-do.

At the Lyceum we have a double dose of holiday cheer—a burlesque and a pantomime; the former is the work of an adept in the art, Mr. R.

Brough, who has selected for the display of his well-tryed skill, the ambitious subject of the "Siege of Troy." The plan of the Iliad is adhered to with as much fidelity as may be expected where licence and irreverence are the rule of right. Shakspeare and Virgil, however, are also occasionally resorted to, to fill up the measure and incident. To deal with so numerous a *dramatis personæ* as those engaged in the memorable contention on the Plains of Troy, including their divine coadjutors, is a formidable task, but Mr. Brough has courageously attacked it, and gallantly carried it through. Not all actors possess the faculty of burlesque, on the contrary it is a rare one, and the result of the author's labours suffers consequently in proportion as it is trusted to more hands. Save Mrs. Keeley, who as *Hector* exhibits her indomitable spirit, ever-present tact, and keen sense of humour; Miss St. George, who, if not gifted with much power over the risible faculties, is energetic, outspoken, and sings in a taking style; Mr. Emery, who appears as *Homer*, but in the garb in which photography has rendered the outward features of "Our Own Correspondent" familiar, and acquits himself with fluent tongue and bustling activity; and Mr. J. Rogers, who makes much of a small part as *Patroclus*, the abject toady of *Achilles*,—not one out of the numerous list of actors and actresses engaged in the piece does justice to his or her part. The public has long been accustomed to see at this house the most lavish display of fanciful invention and pictorial art in the scenery of pieces of this class, and Mr. Calcott, the painter of the establishment, had therefore a heavy responsibility upon him in being charged with maintaining its reputation. He has acquitted himself most creditably. The concluding tableau is a fair sample of the style introduced by Mr. Beverley in his elaborate tail-pieces, whose wealth of glowing splendour and graceful design gracefully unfolds itself to the eye, until it reaches a climax of glittering glory and sensuous beauty. The harlequinade which succeeds the burlesque is entrusted to the Lauri family, and presents no very remarkable or novel feature.

A new theatre, a new *apropos* sketch,—a sort of *revue* in the French style,—and a new pantomime, greeted the visitors of the Adelphi on boxing-night. The elegant and brilliant edifice which has arisen on the site of the old house, on which, in spite of its wretched discomfort, the public loved to bestow its favours, was gloriously "hanselled" by one of the most crowded audiences ever crammed into a theatre. On the elegant and convenient design and tasteful decoration of the new Adelphi, we will not at present expatiate. For our present purpose "the play is the thing." Mr. Webster's *Company* is requested at a *Photographic Soirée* is the title which Messrs. Yates and Harrington give to their introductory sketch, ushering in a new era in the history of this favourite establishment. The chief personage in it is *Memory*, personated by Miss Woolgar, who appears in a dream to Mr. Webster, as he reposes in *proprid personâ*, seated in an arm-chair in the midst of the bare stage, and calls up before him the past career of the Adelphi, in a parody of the well-known ballad, "I remember, I remember." The subject is further illustrated by groups from the more celebrated Adelphi dramas. The company are then mustered on the stage, and each principal member is introduced to the audience, with the exception of Mr. Paul Bedford, who subsequently emerges from a private box, an old device, but rarely a very successful one. The affair answers its purpose sufficiently well. The subject of the pantomime which is entitled *Mother Red Cap*; or, *Harlequin Johnny Gilpin*, would seem to be rather suited to an equestrian establishment than to one confined to the unassisted talents of bipeds. The pith of *Gilpin's* adventure is in his disastrous ride, and the picture that first suggests itself to the mind, when we think of that citizen of "credit and renown," is that of his rapid flight, wigless and hatless, with two broken bottles dangling at his girdle, before his distressed family assembled at the windows of the inn at Edmonton. As a substitute for the actual

equestrian exploit a moving diorama is introduced representing the scenery in the route from Cheap-side to Ware, which presents some very charming views. At the latter place; an old-fashioned village festival is represented enlivened with morris dancers. Two scenes of the gorgeous and fantastic description occur at the commencement and at the close of the harlequinade, the "Hall of Toys," and the "Dazzling Hall of Insurpassable Splendour." An address written by Mr. Shirley Brooks, and delivered by Miss Woolgar, preceded the pantomime. It was as follows:

"Tis an old custom which, for custom's sake,
You will forgive us that we do not break—
The brief Address, that from the olden times,
With courteous homage and decorous rhymes,
Has marked an Opening Night. Time quickly flies,
While Stanfield's magic pencil charms one's eyes.

Now Christmas bells speak out with gladdening chime,
And every thought is fixed on pantomime—
Permit me, while this veil our picture screens,
Two words about two Transformation scenes.

Here, where I stand, so London legends tell,
Dwelt old King Rowley's saucy favourite, Nell,
The least unworthy of the graceless graces
Who ruled by virtue—well—by right of faces.
Recall those days, by facile Memory beckoned—
We live again beneath King Charles the Second.
What is the picture? See, with sword in hand,
Three drunken nobles scur along the Strand.
There, in Rose Alley, on the pavement bleeds
A poet who denounced a peer's misdeeds.
Yonder's Whitehall— asylum and resort
Of coarser rogues than ever formed a court;

While such divinity doth hedge a king—
'Tis a low hedge, inviting treason's spring.
But hark!—misfortune hath new gifts in store,
The Dutchman's cannon on our river roar;
And what cares England that those Dutch advance,
Knowing the Merry Monarch sold to France?
What was our drama then? One scarce dares name
That vile addition to a nation's shame.
Enough to say, the desecrated stage
Mirrored too well the baseness of the age.

One transformation scene. With all its sin,
Vanish the age of saucy Mistress Gwynn;
And the next change in our dissolving view,
Presents your own far happier times—and you.
A Queen, God bless her! and bless those, we pray,
Nearest her heart, at home or far away!
A Queen, beside whose throne no traitor creeps,
No courtier fawns, no ruined subject weeps.
Her fathers' blazon waves that throne above;
Its deep foundations are her people's love.
If aught of despot in her sway hath part,
'Tis in the hold she lays on every heart.
Proudly her banner glitters in the day
When England's cannon sweep her foes away;
More proudly when its folds, protecting, wave
O'er the sad exile, or the ransomed slave.

The Actor fearlessly before you stands,
And asks a generous justice at your hands.
The stage has shared the change, and boldly claims
Your warm approval of its ends and aims.
We preach no moral, but our pictures teach
Morals that lie, at times, too deep for speech,
While the light lesson of the laughing hour
May, when the laugh has passed, retain its power.
These are the twins that owe the Drama birth—
A noble sorrow—and a harmless mirth.

We too—the house in which you sit, I mean—
Have had our private transformation scene.
The dear, old, pleasant, inconvenient nest,
Where, for so long, we tried to do our best
For you, and for the drama—that has fled:
We humbly offer you this house instead.
And if the earnest effort he has made
Please you, our manager is well repaid.
But that his anxious mind be fully eased,
Come every night and tell him you are pleased.
There's many a face, behind our curtain here,
Waiting the greeting which we hold so dear—
Faces of those who shared our last campaign,
Of some who left us, and return again.
And some new faces in our ranks you'll view,
Whose owners hope to be your favourites too.
All bid you welcome to our new abode;
All ask the kindness in old days you showed,
And none more earnestly than she who bonds
Before you, welcoming her dear old friends."

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE. — "Unwilling," says M. Rémusat in his prospectus, "to dwell upon the individual merits of the *artistes* engaged, and the perfect manner in which the lyrical works of the most eminent and popular French composers will be produced, the director simply offers the assurance of unremitting care in every department, so as to render the undertaking worthy of that support which will warrant him in carrying out the intention of establishing the Opera Comique as a permanent institution in London."

We feel almost as "unwilling" as M. Rémusat himself to "dwell upon" the topics which he

avoids with such a show of modesty; but unfortunately we have no alternative. Our office is to record facts and criticise results; and as impartial reviewers, we are compelled to avow that our disinclination to enter into details with regard to the new Opera Comique, which commenced proceedings on Wednesday evening at the St. James's Theatre, proceeds from motives very different from any that can have influenced M. Rémusat. The "perfect manner," had we recognised it, would have been as oil and honey; for it is the most disagreeable part of our vocation to be obliged continually to find fault—to "carp and sneer," instead of cordially eulogise. But, alas! the "perfect manner" is merely a phrase of the prospectus—something like one of those "warrants" which have lately raised so great a scandal in the world of commerce. On inquiring for the "spelter," it is nowhere to be found.

We are not enemies to the introduction of foreign art and foreign artists, whether Italian, German, or French, into this country; on the contrary, the oftener the better, provided the material be so good that it may add to our store of experience, and further help our progress as a musical nation. Nor is there a more charming entertainment than the French comic opera, when the music is by such composers as Boieldieu and Auber, when the singers can act as well as sing, and the orchestra and chorus are efficient. But since a strong love of truth induces us, whenever occasion demands, to arraign the system of puffing maintained by our own highly honoured managers, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison, and to complain bitterly that the quantity of "spelter" actually existing at the Royal English Opera should fall so far short of the amount for which the "warrants" they have issued pretend to be answerable, we cannot in fairness exempt the French *entrepreneur* from a similar ordeal. True, M. Rémusat apostrophises his newly assembled company of lyric comedians and their anticipated achievements in soft mellifluous tones, upon that dulcet instrument of which he is so experienced a master—the flute—expressing himself somewhat gingerly, as "unwilling to dwell" upon perfections that will be sure in the end to make their own impression; while, on the other hand, our Pyne and our Harrison sound the trumpet and beat the drum to the tune of their own self-glorification; yet this does not affect the abstract question. Truth is truth all the world over; and a manager who wants to make us believe his *troupe* unassailable, when it is really assailable at all points, no matter how delicately he may handle the subject, is just as much a non-respecter of truth as one who commits a similar indiscretion in such a blustering off-hand manner as to justify the insinuation that he is scarcely conscious of doing anything not strictly upright and proper. The "white lie" is no better than the lie direct, both being intended to deceive.

That M. Rémusat is a good musician everybody must be aware, who takes any interest in musical matters; and, as a good musician, M. Rémusat need hardly be told that the "perfect manner" in which the lyrical works of the most eminent and popular French composers were about to be presented under his superintendence at the theatre in St. James's, was pure moonshine—an invention, to speak politely, of his own. Instead of "perfect manner," when the thing came to be tried, there was no manner at all. The public went with "warrant" (prospectus) in hand, and the issue was *point de "spelter."* We have attended performances of *La Part du Diable* in various languages, but never remember the *dramatis personæ* so indifferently represented, both in a vocal and histrionic sense.

Now, in the whole repertory of the French comic opera there is not a single piece to which lively, spirited, and highly finished acting is more indispensable than to *La Part du Diable*. The fable, while one of the most extravagantly improbable of the rarely probable M. Scribe,* is also one of the nearest in construction, most animated in incident, and most sparkling and epigrammatic in

dialogue. Every time that *Carlo Broschi*, the devil created out of *Rafael d'Estuniga's* fancy, says to his puzzled dupe, "Et ma part?" according to the agreement made between them to share all the advantages that may accrue from their fantastic compact, the sentence should be delivered with a new inflection of the voice, a new pose, and a new physiognomical turn, in order that the always increasing importance of the demand, and the proportionately increasing difficulty on the part of *Rafael* to comply with it, may be rendered histrionically apparent. This was accomplished by M^{me}. Charton, M^{me}. Cabel, and others, so admirably, that each repetition of the mock-devil's claim would elicit a burst of recognition from the audience, which, when "Et ma part?" was applied to the joint possession, or rather the division into equal parts of *Casilda*, *Rafael's* mistress, swelled into a veritable explosion of laughter and merriment. But with M^{me}. Fauré (from the *Théâtre Lyrique*) the epigrammatic point was altogether lost, on account of the monotonous sameness of voice, manner, gesture, and facial expression with which it was invariably given. Nor is this lady, in spite of a voice that includes within its register every note Auber has written, any more at her ease in the music allotted to *Carlo Broschi* than in the dramatic exigencies of the character. Her execution is slovenly, her style vicious, her quality of tone and method of producing it, defective. That, without being in the smallest degree an actress, she possesses a certain amount of theatrical energy, is however unquestionable; but here commendation must stop. There is scarcely less difference between M^{me}. Fauré and M^{me}. Charton-Demeur, as vocalists, than between a sparrow and a nightingale, as singing-birds.

And yet M^{me}. Fauré is the least remote of the fixed stars in M. Rémusat's company from that sun of "perfection" whose distance from the nearest of them is inappreciable by the critical astronomer. Perhaps, if examined with the microscope in lieu of the telescope, some idea of their absolute proportions might be obtained. As it is, they are imperceptible. Such a representative of *Gil Vargas*, *Rafael's* preceptor, and such a personifier of *Rafael* himself as the new company possess, would not be tolerated in any provincial theatre of France, or even Belgium. After the quaint humour and inimitable spirits of M. Ricquier, the original *Gil Vargas*, the stolid dullness of M. Georget is nothing short of insufferable; while the vocal im-"perfections" of M. Fougères, who can neither act nor sing, make the personage of *Don Rafael d'Estuniga* a positive infiction. "This gentleman," a wag remarked, "may be a tenor in time, but never in tune;" the applicability of which epigrammatic pun, however, depends upon the age of M. Fougères, about which, being wholly uninformed with regard to his antecedents, we are unable to say anything. In passionate ebullitions, M. Fougères shouts instead of sings; his voice, such as it is, then gives way, and the result is a series of inexpressible noises rather than of "sweet sounds." Such vocal emission can only proceed from a want of early education, greatly to be deplored in a singer, inasmuch as it admits of no remedy whatever. Those who have seen M. Roger as *Rafael* will best be able to appreciate the lamentable deficiencies of M. Rémusat's first tenor. In place of reflecting the most sparkling characteristics of M. Scribe's enthusiastic hero, M. Fougères dexterously contrives to extinguish them; so that the most brilliant conceptions are smothered or snuffed out by dull commonplace. He should change his patronymic, and entitle himself Mouchettes. From M. Mouchettes much less would be expected than from M. Fougères; for as our (always) "lively" neighbours say—"Le vin rit dans la fougère."

M^{lle}. Hélène Morel, M^{lle}. Céline Mathien, M. Bryon D'Orgeval, and M. Montolar, who respectively sustain the characters of the *Queen of Spain*, *Casilda* (sister of *Carlo Broschi*), the *King*, and *Fray Antonio*, the chief inquisitor, with a level mediocrity that might be just acceptable to a French provincial theatre of the second rank,

in a metropolis like London, almost satiated with exotic luxuries, come like the *diarist* after the *asellus*, or the late Mr. Wright's champagne after that of Madame Cluquot. In short, the whole performance before the footlights, at the St. James's Theatre on Wednesday night, was worse than indifferent; and as an illustration of the "perfect manner," and "individual merits," upon which the director is "unwilling to dwell," little short of farcical.

As some atonement the orchestra was excellent, and ably conducted by M. Rémusat himself. The French director and quondam flautist of the Académie Impériale and *Théâtre Lyrique*, however, must mend his draft, and compose another, if desirous of establishing his undertaking on a firm footing, and making the Opera Comique permanent in London. The list of operas which he pledges himself to bring out in the course of the season is rich in variety and interest; but until he provides singers to appear in them with something like credit, the "variety" and "interest" will be confined to the paper on which those inviting words are printed. Let M. Rémusat bestir himself to find some worthier substitutes for his present inefficient company, and when he has succeeded, introduce them at once to the public, without further preliminary in the shape of big words and fine promises. "He who is conscious to himself that he can really effect, feels the satisfaction inwardly, and keeps silent";* or, in a shorter sentence, "*Qui silet est firmus*"—"as we say in the classics."†

NEW NOVELS.

The Fool's Pence, and Other Narratives of Every Day Life. By Charles B. Taylor, M.A. (Sampson Low, Son & Co.)

The Sisters. A Tale. By Mrs. Charles Tomlinson. (Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.)

The Banker's Wife; or, Court and City. By Mrs. Gore. A new edition, revised by the Author. (Knight & Son.)

Peers and Parvenus. A Novel. By Mrs. Gore. A new Edition, revised by the Author. (Knight & Son.)

THE first of the books here indicated is a collection of stories, with a deeply religious, or let us rather say, congregational tinge. The work is dedicated to Lord Shaftesbury; the tales are founded on Scriptural texts; the pages overflow with biblical quotations, and no opportunity is lost of enforcing the principles of conduct commonly expressed at the Methodist meetings. Whether the phraseology of the characters is very true to life, except in a few circles, we will not inquire. We have exhibited the tendency of the book, which is no doubt written with a good purpose; and we do not see any features for detailed criticism.

"The Sisters," though issued by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, has none of the peculiar mode of expression observable in Mr. Taylor's work. The story, without exhibiting any remarkable powers on the part of the authoress, is natural, real, and unaffected. It traces the career of a family reduced from opulence to great straitness of means, and enforces some wholesome truths with respect to the proper way of bringing up children and the necessary qualifications for a governess. Mrs. Tomlinson writes in the sunshine of plain, honest humanity; and we thank her for that great virtue.

No professedly doctrinal book could teach a deeper or a more important moral than Mrs. Gore's "Banker's Wife," especially when read by the light of recent facts. The novel was originally published in 1843, and was dedicated to Sir John Dean Paul, then the authoress's banker; and it tells a tale of fraud which has since been realised by that very person, to the injury of the authoress herself. In the preface to this new edition we read—"When this novel was first published, fifteen years ago, and I was far from foreseeing that my own fortune would become par-

* We of course intend this chiefly to apply to M. Scribe's operatic libretti.

* Lord Bacon.

† A. Harris.

dially involved in a catastrophe similar to the one described in its pages, I dedicated it to my banker and trustee, the late Sir John Dean Paul. To his conduct in either capacity, or to certain extraordinary coincidences connected with the story, it would be ungenerous now to advert, further than to justify myself for having cancelled the dedication." Of this reprint, or of that of "Peers and Parvenus," we need say nothing in the way of criticism. The works have already found their place; and all who admire Mrs. Gore's wit and good sense, her knowledge of society, and the endless chuckle of her style, will be glad to have these two novels at a low price, and in a neat and compact form.

SHORT NOTICES.

Chemical, Natural, and Physical Magic. Intended for the Instruction and Entertainment of Juveniles during the Holiday Vacation. By G. W. Septimus Piesse. (Longman.) An excellent manual of domestic magic that will be heartily welcomed by boys and girls home for the holidays. The former especially will be delighted with it, as enabling them to frighten their sisters, defy their elders by their very surprising feats, and astonish the weak minds of female relatives generally. Master Jacky home for the holidays will become a Wizard of the North, and convert, for the nonce, the nursery and parlour into "Halls of Magical Illusion." The tricks and games of the volume, nearly two hundred in number, are simple, clearly explained, and easy of performance.

A Dictionary of Political Economy, Biographical, Bibliographical, Historical, and Practical. By Henry Dunning Macleod, Esq., of the Inner Temple. (Longman.) The idea of this Dictionary is excellent; and to judge from the first part, just published, it will be well carried out. The plan, though comparatively novel in this country, has been adopted with conspicuous success in some of the most recent French encyclopedias of science. It is that of giving under an alphabetical arrangement a complete history and exposition of the whole subject selected for illustration. There are few subjects better entitled to this minute, methodical, and exhaustive treatment than the one Mr. Macleod has selected, —that of Political Economy, to which he has already made such important original contributions. Being thoroughly familiar with the whole history and literature of the subject, he is well able to deal with it under both of the great divisions into which the articles of the dictionary fall—the Biographical and the Scientific. Under the former head the work will contain a condensed life of all who have contributed to advance the science, from the very earliest times to the present day, with a list of their works. As an illustration of the thorough way in which this part of the work is done, we may note that the part before us contains notices of Aristophanes and Aristotle, the latter long and elaborate, the former short and pithy. Many readers, perhaps, may wonder why Aristophanes has a place in a Dictionary of Political Economy at all. We do not commonly think of him as an Athenian Macaroddy, great in statistics, taking a keen interest in the Money Market, or writing dry unreadable pamphlets on the Currency. Nevertheless, it appears he did first signalise, in the "Frogs," an economical fact of fundamental importance—"that good and bad coin cannot circulate together, the bad always in the end driving out the good." The scientific articles of the Dictionary include original expositions of each branch of the subject, exhibiting it in its practical details, with an outline and criticism of conflicting views; an analysis and critical examination of every important work on the science; and a digest of the various theories and doctrines which are at present scattered in pamphlets and other fugitive writings. The most important of these opinions will be given textually. Mr. Macleod's name is a sufficient guarantee that this part of the work will be thoroughly done; and we may point to an admirable article on "Axioms and Definitions," in the present number, as an illustration of what may be ex-

pected in those that follow. This article brings out with great force and clearness some of the editor's own definitions of essential terms, such as "value," "measure of value," "rate of profit," and the like. We commend it to the attention of readers interested in the subject. Mr. Macleod's Dictionary claims indeed a hearty welcome from all who care for Political Economy, and will when complete, form a full and minute history and manual of the science.

Margaret Catchpole, a Suffolk Girl. By the Rev. R. Cobbold. (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.) A new edition of a work very popular upon its first publication, and very deservedly too, from the instructive lessons it conveys. Though a little professional "priggism" runs through its pages, the public may depend upon the truth of its main features. Many persons are now living in Suffolk to whom most of the facts were matters of notoriety, and the reverend author has, in a supplement dated last October, supplied some important verifications of them.

The Standard Library—John Halifax, Gentleman. (Hurst & Blackett.) Messrs. Hurst & Blackett's "Standard Library of Cheap Editions of Popular Modern Works," has already obtained a high position in public estimation. The present volume is that noble story, "John Halifax," a work as popular in its way as the first of the series, although that was one of Sam Slick's.

The Pulpit Observer for 1858. (Judd & Glass.) A thin small volume, comprising sketches of about a dozen preachers more or less known by their ministerial character, or their personal popularity. Several hints are dropped here and there, from which it is inferred that "The Pulpit Observer" has up-hill work in meeting private objections to its "sketches." We are not surprised at it. For independent of the doubts that may reasonably be entertained of the propriety of a periodical avowedly conducted with such a purpose (for this is a monthly magazine), the sketches are themselves feeble and incomplete. With abundance of words there is no real appreciation of character or attainments; while the writers speak almost as much of themselves as of the gentlemen whose portraits they profess to draw. The "Pulpit Observer" in its main object is a failure.

Among the minor publications upon our table are the *Band of Hope Review* and *The British Workman* for 1858, publications of a most useful and agreeable character, the popularity of which is yearly increasing. We have also received Mr. Beresford Hope's Lecture (delivered at the South Kensington Museum) on "The Common Sense of Art" (Murray), and Dr. Whately's Lecture on "Paley," published by Parker & Son. Another lecture sent to us is one on "Amusements," delivered by the Rev. George Webster, to the Cork Young Men's Association, and the Rev. R. C. Jenkins, rector of Lyminge has sent us his translation of Cardinal Cajetan's "Judgment against the Immaculate Conception," written to Pope Leo the Tenth in the year 1515. We have also received the first part of Mr. G. H. Lewes's, "Physiology of Common Life." It relates to hunger and thirst, and promises to be a most valuable work when completed.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Arabian Nights Entertainments, by Lane, new ed. 8vo. 42s.
Beautiful Poetry for 1859, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Bohn's Illus. Lib.: Evelyn's Diary and Correspondence, Vol. 1, post 8vo. 3s.
Bohn's Scientific Lib.: Carpenter's Animal Physiology, post 8vo. 6s.
Bradthwaite (W.), Retrospect of Medicine, Vol. 3s. 12mo. 5s.
British Imperial Calendar for 1859, 12mo. 3s.
Buckland (F.), Curiosities of Natural History, 4th ed. 12mo. 6s.
Bunyan (J.), Pilgrim's Progress, Notes by Scott, Parts 1 and 2, royal 8vo. 27s. 6d.
Burns (J.), Christian Exercises for Lord's Day, post 8vo. 4s. 6d.
Burns (R.), Songs with Music, 12mo. 1s.
Cathedral (The), or, Catholic Apostolic Church, 8th ed. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Catholic Directory for 1859, 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Chambers's History of Indian Revolt, royal 8vo. 14s.
Children's Bread from the Master's Table, 32mo. 1s. and 1s. 6d.
Congregational Year Book for 1859, 8vo. 1s. 6d.
Conington (F.), Handbook, Chemical Analysis, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Conington (F.), Tables for Handbook, post 8vo. 2s. 6d.
Cruikshank (G.), Scraps and sketches, Part 1, folio, 2s. 6d. and 5s.
Cruise of the Mary, by Smith, folio, 10s. 6d.
Dante's Inferno, Translated by Whyte, 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Dickens (C.), Dombey and Son, Library edition, Vol. 1 post 8vo. 6s.
Disraeli (J.), Literary Characters; or, History of Men of Genius, post 8vo. 4s. 6d.

- Galloway (W. B.), A Clergyman's Holidays, 12mo. 5s.
Gilbert (G. W.), Logic of Banking, 12mo. 12s. 6d.
Gore (Mrs.), Memoirs of a Peeress, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Gore (Mrs.), Peers and Parvenus, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
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MISCELLANEA.

The Turkish government has instituted a commission at Constantinople to draw up a new Ottoman dictionary.

There is a talk of a new work about to be published by M. Villenain, with the title "L'Enthousiasme des Peuples."

A Corsican canon of the cathedral of Ajaccio, named Peretti, has lately devoted his ecclesiastical leisure to the composition of a loyal poem, in twenty-four parts, entitled "Bonaparte, ou la France sauvée."

The Earl of Dartmouth has accepted the office of President of the Wolverhampton Working Man's College, succeeding Lord Wrottesley, who has just retired.

Letters from Rome speak of the intended sale of the remarkable collection of antiquities and works of art belonging to the Marquis Campana, a collection with which most English visitors to the Eternal City are probably acquainted. It is estimated to have cost 6,000,000l., or 240,000l., and assuredly the instances must be very rare of one of a similar extent having been made by a private individual. It fills a vast number of rooms, in three or four different houses. The collection may be broadly divided into twelve classes, some of which are exceedingly rich and valuable, others less worthy of note. Among the latter must be classed the paintings, although these comprise some remarkable works, including the frescoes from Raphael's two villas on the Palatine and Pincian hills, and although many of the others will be highly interesting to amateurs of the pre-Raphaelite period. The pictures are about 650 in number. Among the most precious portion of the collection must be classed the Etruscan vases, nearly 3,800, divided into fifteen series; and is said to be the finest collection of this kind in existence; indeed, in Etruscan art generally the Campana Museum is considered unrivalled. The great number of the objects strikes all visitors with surprise. One most elegant vase, beautifully preserved, adorned with delicate reliefs of figures,

foliage, and animals, with gildings and bright colours, has been preferred by some antiquaries to the Portland vase. The collection of gold ornaments, jewellery, and bronzes is as remarkable as that of the vases, and the same may be said of the terra cottas, and little less of the very interesting class of glass and enamels. There are some beautiful ancient arms, among which two ancient casques (Etruscan), wreathed with golden leaves of laurel and ivy, and perfectly preserved, strike the eye and attract general admiration. There is another helmet, of solid silver, partially but admirably chased. The collection of sculpture comprises several hundred busts and statues, many of great merit, and some celebrated. The gems, cameos, and numismatic collection are all in a number and importance rarely found in private cabinets. The terra cottas and objects of plastic art are nearly 2,000 strong, and reputed without a rival as a collection. There is a whole suite of rooms full of majolica.

A monument to Duncan Ban Macintyre, the Gaelic poet, has been erected in Greyfriars' churchyard. By a large mass of the Gaelic-speaking population of the Highlands Macintyre is regarded, in some respects, as a Burns, and the *Scotsman* states that funds have been subscribed for the erection of another monument to the poet amid the striking scenery of his Glenorchy.

The matchless crypt under old St. Stephen's chapel, the only part of the Old Palace of Westminster which now exists, is far advanced towards complete restoration. It is now lit with gas, and workmen are busily engaged restoring its richly carved bosses and groined roof, and replacing the polished columns of Purbeck marble, which have been defaced and sadly misused in centuries bygone. The crypt will once more be used as a place of worship for the officers and functionaries of both houses; and to this end every minute detail of the original structure is being carefully restored. The fretwork patterns which pass down all the arches of its pointed roofs are some of the most curious and most elaborate in effect that can well be imagined. Its seven pointed windows are already completely restored, and will soon be filled in as they were before the Revolution, with stained glass representing passages in the life of St. Stephen.

The local examinations instituted by the University of Cambridge are to be styled "nongremial," as they refer to students not members of the University. The number of candidates examined at the towns selected as centres of examination was—Birmingham, 43; Brighton, 39; Bristol, 92; Cambridge, 32; Grantham, 32; Liverpool, 62; London, 55; and Norwich, 31. The papers from the various centres have been collected at Cambridge, and the list of successful candidates will, if possible, be published on the same day as the mathematical trips, viz., January 28, 1859.

The interesting match at Chess between Mr. Morphy, the champion of America, and Herr Anderssen, of Breslau, which, in consequence of the late indisposition of the former, has been played at the Hotel Breteuil, in Paris, in place of the Café de la Régence, terminated on Tuesday last by the younger professor winning the requisite seven games. The score at last stood, Morphy 7, Anderssen, 2, drawn 2. Mr. Morphy may now fairly take rank as the champion of the Old World as well as the New.

The University of Pavia has been closed by order of the Austrian authorities on the alleged ground of disaffection.

Miss Thomson, a Scotch girl, who lately obtained the first prize for singing at the Conservatoire, made a *debut* the other night at the Grand Opera.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending December 24, 1858, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday and Tuesday, free days, 1382; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 2268; on the three Students' days (admission to the public 6d.), 365; one Students' evening, Wednesday, 401. Total, 4416. From the opening of the Museum, 702,892.

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